

THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World A WEEKLY

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Sunday, July 16, 1933

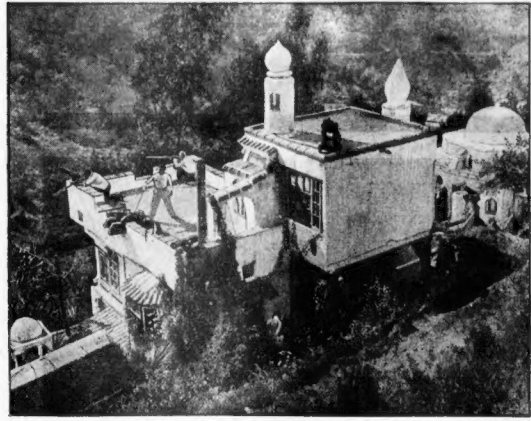


Cupids by Henry Clive
Verses by
Carolyn Wells

No. 6—Chinese

There once was a Chinese Princess,
Who said, "I'll get married, I guess."
She called upon Cupid,
Who wasn't so stupid,
And he made the affair a success.

"Craziest House in America, Without Shape, Excuse or Reason"



John McDermott's "Crazy House." Hidden in the Hills Northwest of Hollywood, Which Was Built of Left-Over Movie "Props" Reminiscent of Many Famous Film Plays.

HIDDEN in the hills northwest of Hollywood is "the craziest house in America." At least, that is what its owner calls it. "Devoid of shape, excuse or reason," he declares, "it came into existence to satisfy a whim. It will pass out of existence some day when it rains too hard. It has cost me possibly \$10,000 or \$15,000 to date—I don't know exactly how much. I don't want to know."

The place is the creation of John McDermott, screen writer. It has been built and furnished entirely of motion picture "props." Everything in it has been in some movie. For example, two great carved doors which were used in "Ashes of Vengeance" years ago are now doors to the "crazy house." Two turrets which rose above a building in Rudolph Valentino's "The Sheik," are part of the house. Wooden cannon turned in a carpenter's lathe for a comedy, also are mounted there. Stained glass windows, some the work of a Venetian craftsman, but which really were made in a studio paint shop, adorn the walls. Every piece of furniture, every bit of decoration, every appliance, has been seen by people throughout the world in some made-in-Hollywood photograph.

Mr. McDermott started collecting things for his "crazy house" about ten years ago. As odd things on picture sets caught his eye, he opened negotiations for their purchase. Studio "props" seldom are sold twice.

There are no chairs in the "crazy house." Guests sit on cushions on the floor. The best way into the house is by a tunnel and come out in the bathroom. The exit from there is by way of a ladder. To reach the upper floor of the house, a book-case, beyond which is a staircase, swings back. The swimming pool is on a level with the roof.

A cistern with the "old oaken bucket" operating a house-mover's pulley is in one corner of the living room and may be filled with city water from a faucet. Futuristic paintings, beaten brass, ancient firearms, stuns, and—most of which had significant use in some motion picture—are the decorations.

Here in this strange atmosphere, McDermott lives and writes. His table lamp is a grinning human skull. He's still adding to the hodge-podge equipment of the country's craziest dwelling.



Mr. McDermott Relaxing in Front of the Fireplace of His Shapeless and Unique Abode, the Living-room of Which Includes a Well and an Old Oaken Bucket.

Butcher Shop's Big Show Of 190 Sheep and 11 Oxen

PARIS. THE citizens of the French capital are used to spectacular and artistic displays of products for sale in the city's stores and shops, but it was not until recently that their attention was captured and their interest intrigued by an extraordinary piece of advertising by, of all vendors, a butcher.

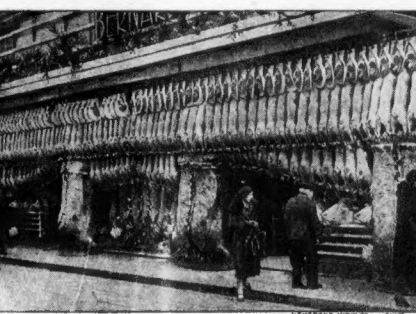
This fellow, feeling that there was no good reason why a butcher shouldn't go in for art just because his wares were not, in themselves, esthetic, invested some 300,000 francs—which is about \$12,000 in American money at the present rate of exchange—in 190 sheep, 11 oxen and 15 calves. Instead of hanging these carcasses on the hooks inside his shop, or packing them in the big refrigerator room, he and his assistants labored all one night arranging the meat in a neat design all the way across the sidewalk front of his shop.

The carcasses of the 11 oxen, being much larger than those of the sheep, were used as pillars. Across the top of the shop a row of 70 sheep were hung. The bodies were of uniform size and they were as neatly regimented as a company of infantrymen at attention. To cover up the unsightly hind feet of the sheep, a row of separate legs and shoulders, in white dress holders, was placed at the very top of the spectacular exhibit of edibles.

Then, as the photograph at the right shows, another row of sheep was suspended inside the meaty "fa-

cade" so that they gave the effect of draperies, hanging somewhat lower at the extreme sides of the store than in the center. The 15 calves—the French love veal dishes—were interspersed among the oxen and the sheep to the best artistic advantage and played their part in a commercial show that was so remarkable that the butcher got his name and the name of his store in every newspaper in the city. Photographers from these papers snapped many pictures of the display and news-reel cameramen ground out several thousand feet of film which found its way into theatres not only in France, but all over Europe.

This was, for obvious reasons, a one-day show. The butcher knew that the freshly killed meat would ripen safely for a day, but he also knew that it would be less than fresh if he left it exposed to the elements for two or three days. He achieved his purpose—and, incidentally, gained many new customers by his well-worked-out advertising stunt—and took the display down to store the carcasses away in his refrigerating room for the few days before the stock would be disposed of, to be consumed in hotels and restaurants and in the private homes of the city.



The Remarkable and Theatrical Display Arranged in Front of a Paris Meat Shop, Where 190 Sheep and 11 Oxen Are Made to Simulate Pillars and Grottoes.

"Tiny" Features Beauty Parade

NO young woman who tips the scales at 507 pounds could, by American standards, be called a beauty. Yet it was Miss Tiny Griffin who stole the show at the so-called Bicycle Bathing Beauty Parade recently staged at Ocean Park, California.

Scores of blonde, brunettes and Titian "perfect 36's" pedaled their two-wheeled machines between the crowds of admiring spectators. All of the riders had slim waists and shapely legs. They were pictures of grace. But the loudest applause was accorded the immense beauty who came spluttering by when she came spluttering by. She was, of course, the comic relief. But she didn't mind that; she used to being stared at and laughed at. And there is, as she pointed out, some compensation for being a "freak" when folks forget to look at beauty to find interest and amusement in sheer bulk.

The promoters were not unmindful of Tiny's attention value when they invited her to ride in the bicycle parade, nor did they make the mistake of supposing that she could manage a standard bicycle. Some machine of special construction would

have to be found for this bouncing girl.

The answer to the problem was found in the "prop" warehouse of one of Hollywood's movie companies. It was a bicycle that had seen service in many a comedy. Tiny wasn't sure that she could maintain her equilibrium even on this machine, but—after the installation of a special overhead seat equipped with extra strong springs—she mounted the vehicle and took a few practice spins.

Fortunately for Tiny these rehearsals were staged in comparative privacy, for she took several tumbles that, laughable as they were, were about as discouraged her and the backers of the pageant from trying to star her in the procession of bicycling beauties.

But things worked out all right, for Tiny profited by the tumbles and finally got the hang of balancing her quarter of a ton while she worked the motor controls attached to the handle bars.

Before the day of the pageant she could turn circles and figure 8's without enervating a blimp going into a nose dive. The crowd fell for her, but she didn't so much as wobble as a group during her triumphant ride.

Tiny Griffin, Testing Out a Freak Motorcycle in Preparation for the Recent Bicycle Parade at Ocean Park, Cal. Tiny Discovered That the Vehicle Was Able to Carry Her Over the Route Without Mishap.

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Weird Story of the Sea's Attempt to Rob Triple Grave

THE terrific gales of last Winter roared huge seas up over a high embankment on Great Duck Island a few miles south of Bar Harbor on the Maine coast and did their best to reclaim human prey the sea had lost 43 years ago.

It is a strange story. On January 27, 1850, a wicked northeaster, bitterly cold and with heavy snow, lashed the coast. That morning before the storm had developed, a little two-masted schooner, laden with a deck load of lumber had sailed out for Blue Hill Bay and a snug anchorage in Bass Harbor.

Night shadows were falling and the snow was thick as fog. Before the man at the wheel could realize it, the tide set them too near Great Duck. Practically the helm was put hard down, but the blunt bowed old schooner mistimed. Then the breakers had her. Full force she piled on the steep shores of the island. One man only, the lookout, was hurled clear of the water on to the rocks. He found shelter in a small hut where woodchoppers had once made their headquarters.

In a trice the vessel had gone. There came one agonized human cry. After that nothing but the howl of the storm, and the creaking of timbers had been left by the tide on the rocks. And among the wreckage

three human bodies, stripped stark naked, locked in a grim embrace, frozen stiff.

The captain of the lumber schooner and his two deck hands were as one key block.

Relatives were notified by the sole survivor who found at the northerly end of the island a lobsterman living that Winter, the only occupant of the bleak place, who took him ashore at Bass Harbor. It was two days before anyone could reach Great Duck from Machias from which port the schooner had hailed. The bodies had been found above high-water mark and covered with canvas. Still in the open and with continued below-zero temperature it was impossible to separate them. So by common consent of relatives they were buried in one wooden box in a little hollow back from the sea wall.

A crude rail fence inclosed the grave and on it was nailed a rough wooden cross. Because of this and other wrecks on Great Duck Island Uncle Sam caused a lighthouse, fog signal house and three houses for the keepers to be erected there. Every Memorial Day the keepers and their wives and children have assembled at the strangest grave in Maine, read a few lines from the Bible and placed wild flowers on the cross.

This year, however, they were obliged to lay their floral offering on the ground. Exactly 43 years from the time of the tragedy, the heavy seas, for the first time on record, broke over the top of the high embankment, carried away the fence and cross and tried to wash the soil from the grave of three luckless sailors. But the bones were buried too deep for the sea to take back the victims of its violence.

Largest Ring in the World

WHEN a Jeweler in Providence, Rhode Island, set out to call attention to the desirability of his decorative pieces of jewelry, he was called to the attention of a ring.

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Before the day of the pageant she could turn circles and figure 8's without enervating a blimp going into a nose dive. The crowd fell for her, but she didn't so much as wobble as a group during her triumphant ride.

otic and law abiding citizen, the owner of the world's largest ring offered, during the recent banking crisis, when the Government was calling in millions of dollars in hoarded gold, to melt the carcasses of men and the metal, in the form of bars, back to the nearest Federal Reserve bank. But it was all right with the Administration, he would like to keep the ring because it served as well in advertising the artistic output of his plant. Thanks to his integrity, perhaps, he still has the ring to put on display when or if he thinks his exhibition might boom business.

Just how big the ring can be gauged from the photograph which shows Miss Denny Elkins, with the ball in a bit heavy to be worn in high-heeled shoes for more than a few minutes at a time.

Made in Providence, R. I., for a Jeweler's Exhibit. This Ring Required Nine Months of Work and Costed Enough Gold to Make 2,500 Ordinary Rings.

What's the Matter With the 3 Mdivani Princes?

Wonderful Go-Getters in Landing American Wives, But Like "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater" of Mother Goose Jingle Fame, They Can't Keep Them Long

Matrimonial Score So Far.

PRINCE SERGE
Married Pola Negri Divorced
Married Mary McCormic Being Separated
Who Next?

PRINCE DAVID
Married Max Murray Being Divorced
Who Next?

PRINCE ALEXIS Z.
Married Louise Astor Van Alen Divorced
Married Barbara Hutton ?
Who Next?

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her—
Mother Goose.

"HIS not the marrying kind." This scornful charge can never be hurled at the Mdivani brothers, three ready, uncrowned but noble Georgian viscounts who came to this country a few years ago and have been living happily and prosperously ever after, making moneyed American women happy, too, for a time, by making them Princesses.

But why do their Princesses ultimately give them up, title and all? What's the matter with the three Mdivani Princes? Mary McCormic, grand opera singer, who has lately gone into the films and is now suing for separation from Prince Serge Mdivani, says from Reno:

"Serge, David and Alexis, who has just married Barbara Hutton, are all three exactly alike. They have exactly the same technique. They are overwhelmingly self-confident. They are audacious in their faith in themselves. They have plenty of charm. They are well educated and have traveled in various parts of the world.

"Then, too, they all have a lot of luck, for there is such a thing as being in the right place at the right time. Frequently plays a great part in the lives of all of us. They are absolutely right husbands when you marry them—but they do not stay right."

Mary says that for ten years she never took her mind from her career. Then, having won success and money, she decided to rest and play. When she raised her eyes from her work, the first thing she fell on was Prince Serge.

He happened to come along at the right time, says Mary. So that is how it happened—just the old story of the time, the place and the girl.

In the days when the title of Princess won its glamor, the lucky girl who married a Prince might hope some day to sit on a throne or, at least, be the mistress of her husband's palaces, castles and broad acres.

Mdivani boys are Princes of Georgia, a part of Soviet Russia which has hardly changed in the last 400 years, until the Russian revolution, when it changed for the worse.

There are solid stone, fortress-like stone houses out there, which the Georgian peasants still refer to as the Mdivani palaces. The ancestors of the Princes have lived for centuries. If the new Princesses could penetrate that into Russia, which would have to be done by airplane because it is not one of the places the government allows outsiders to see, their reward would probably be to find themselves shot.

Like the other Russian nobility when the revolution came, the Mdivanis were glad to escape with their lives and the shirts on their backs.

The Communist Comrades sacked and confiscated their property, and for good measure declared all titles null and void, but outside of Russia the titles are still perfectly good for matrimonial purposes.

And the best job of these "marrying Mdivanis" is that of Prince Alexis Z., who has captured the golden heart and hand of America's second richest heiress, Barbara Hutton, said to be worth \$50,000,000.

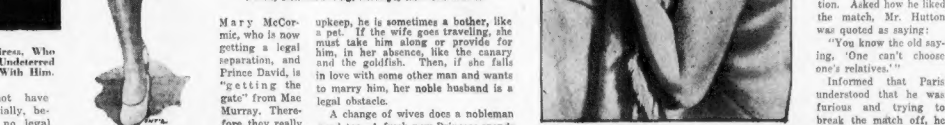
This is the biggest cash prize in the marriage lottery won by any noble foreigner in many a year; in fact, it is a little too big. Had Prince Alec married "Miss Moneybags" in America, the



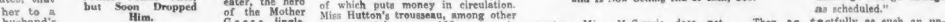
Pola Negri, One of Prince Serge's Divorced Ex-Wives, Was Who Wasn't Invited to Alexis's Wedding Because "the family doesn't approve of marrying actresses any more."



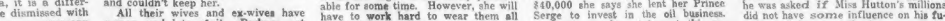
Miss Max Murray, Who Has Just Given the Gate to Prince David, Demonstrating, Perhaps, How She Did It.



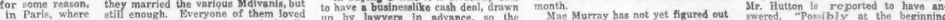
Barbara Hutton, \$50,000,000 Heiress, Who Recently Married Prince Alexis, Undeterred by Louise Van Alen's Bad Luck With Him.



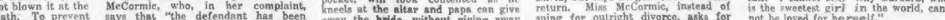
Louise Van Alen, the Heiress Who Had Prince Alexis First, but Soon Dropped Him.



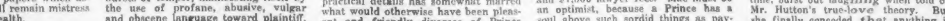
Grand Opera Prima Donna Mary McCormic, Who Caught Prince Serge After Pola Divorced Him, and Is Now Getting Rid of Him, Too.



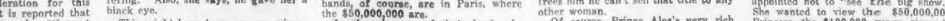
Miss McCormic, who is now getting a legal separation, and Prince David, is "getting the gate" from Mrs. Murray. Therefore, they really do all seem to be like Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater, the hero of the Mother Goose jingle, who had a wife and couldn't keep her.



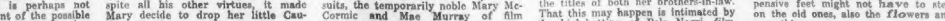
All their wives and ex-wives have money, and lots of it. Perhaps not quite as much now as they had before they married the various Mdivanis, but still enough. Everyone of them loved her Prince, and even now speaks kindly of them, with the exception of Miss McCormic, who, in her complaint, says that "the defendant has been guilty of violent and unrestrained outbursts of temper, manifesting itself by the use of profane, abusive, vulgar and obscene language toward plaintiff, thereby causing grievous mental suffering." Also, she says, he gave her a black eye.



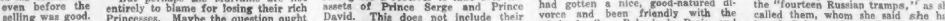
This might have been proper princely conduct in old Georgia, but, despite all his other virtues, it made Mary decide to drop her little Caucasian lamb.



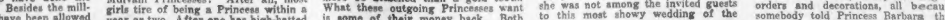
But perhaps the Mdivanis are not entirely to blame for losing their rich Princesses. Maybe the question ought to be—what's the matter with the Mdivani Princesses? After all, most girls tire of being a Princess within a year or two. After one has high-tailed all one's friends to every acquaintance on stationery bearing her husband's noble coat of arms, and painted it on all her cars, the thrill begins to wear out. Also a noble husband is a responsibility. He is an expensive, flashy luxury and must be kept in style. It would not do for him to get shiny and moth-eaten, like a common husband. Besides the financial



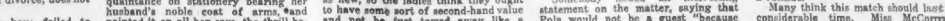
upkeep, he is sometimes a bother, like a pet. If the wife goes traveling, she must take him along or provide for him, her absence, like the canary and the goldfish. Then, if she falls in love with some other man and wants to marry him, her noble husband is a legal obstacle.



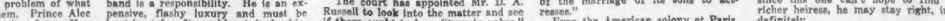
A change of wives does a nobleman good, too. A fresh new Princess spends much more money on splurge entertainments and likes to show her titled husband off while he is a new toy, all of which puts money in circulation. Miss Hutton's trousses, among other items, contain over 100 gowns, in which she ought to feel fairly presentable for some time. However, she will have to work hard to wear them all once before they get out of style.



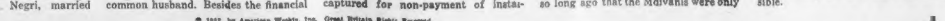
In buying a title it is evidently best to have a business-like cash deal, drawn up by lawyers in advance, so the groom, with a handsome check in his pocket, will look contented as he kneels at the altar and papa can give away the bride, without giving away too much cash with her. Lack of those practical details has somewhat marred what would otherwise have been pleasant and friendly divorces of Prince Alexis's two sisters-in-law, whose husbands, of course, are in Paris, where the \$50,000,000 are.



In the absence of their husbands, besides their divorce and separation suits, the temporarily noble Mary McCormic and Max Murray of film fame, appeared in a Los Angeles court asking for a receiver to take over the assets of Prince Serge and Prince David. This does not include their one big asset, the title, which can no more be attached than a gold tooth. What these outgoing Princesses want is some of their money back. Both Princes are young and practically good as new, so the ladies think they ought to have some sort of second-hand value and not be just towed away like a worn-out car.



The court has appointed Mr. D. A. Russell to look into the matter and see if there ought to be a "turn-in value," or if the Princes are like cars captured for non-payment of instal-



ment, so glad to marry these theatrical meal tickets. Without them they would never have gotten into the papers, or making it possible for Prince Alec to marry Louise Astor Van Alen, a one hundred per cent blue-blood, descended from the cream of the Astor family. Eighteen months of marriage to her placed Alec socially far above his two brothers. Everyone had supposed the Mdivanis were grateful to the actresses.



Mr. Franklin L. Hutton, the bride's father, reached Paris in a philosophical state of resignation. Asked how he liked the match, Mr. Hutton was quoted as saying: "You know the old saying, 'One can't choose one's relatives.'"



Information that Paris understood that he was furious and trying to break the match off, he replied: "That is not true. The marriage will go through as scheduled."



Then, as tactfully as such an unpleasant thought could be suggested, he was asked if Miss Hutton's millions did not have some influence on his future son-in-law's affections. "I cannot tell what is in his mind," Mr. Hutton is reported to have answered. "Possibly at the beginning that counted, but now it is a love affair. I cannot see why Barbara, who is the sweetest girl in the world, cannot be loved for her money."

Pola Negri, though very sad at the time, burst out laughing when told of Mr. Hutton's true-love theory. But she finally conceded that anything is possible. Miss Negri was bitterly disappointed not to "see the big show." She wanted to view the \$50,000,000 Princess, the \$100,000 prize given to the Greek church in order that her expensive feet might not have to step on the old ones, also the flowers and everything.

But mostly she yearned to gaze at the "fourteen Russian tramps," as she called them, whom she said she had heard Prince Alec had dressed up from the skin out, to say nothing of orders and decorations, all because somebody told Princess Barbara that her near-royal husband ought to have a reindeer.

And, as Pola says, anything is possible.

Many think this match should last a considerable time. Miss McCormic says these Mdivanis start right, and since this one can't hope to find a richer heiress, he may stay right, indefinitely.

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When Death Stood Beside The Camera



The Remarkable Photograph Below Shows to What Limits Some Fellows Will Go to Give Themselves and Spectators a Thrill. The Driver of the Speedboat—Malcom Pope—Has Just Sent His Trail Craft Up an Incline and Through a Paper Screen, Hoping That He'll Make a Happy Landing.



Right—Most People Find It Difficult to Stand Up on Roller Skates on the Ground, But Buddy Mann Enjoys Defying Death by Rolling Along the Coping of Skyscrapers. Even The Iron-Nerved Cameraman Admitted That He Felt "Jumpy" When He Took This Picture.



(Photos by J. Jay Hirsh)

THE yearning for excitement—for danger and thrills—seems to be inherent in human nature. In prehistoric times men lived precariously in a world of danger. They got their thrills by fighting beasts and monsters that outstripped them in size and ferocity, in battling each other and the elements. In the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans men satisfied their inborn urge to get a "kick" out of life by struggling with each other in brutal and never-ending warfare and in gambling with the unknown by venturing beyond the narrow frontiers of their little world.

Civilization has toned down this instinct for adventurous action, but the trait still is there and 20th century man seeks his thrills, sometimes in person, sometimes vicariously.

The unusual photographs at the top of this page are striking evidence that humans continue to find their lives for the sake of thrills for themselves and for those less audacious individuals who prefer to take their excitement second-hand. In every one of these stirring "close-ups" death stood beside the cameraman, waiting to claim the daredevil if in his scheme to gamble

with the Grim Reaper something went awry.

One of the photographs shows a speedboat which has just zoomed up an incline and ripped through a huge square of paper. The "blind leap" for the pilot of the boat, Malcom Pope, couldn't see where he was going after he found himself flying through the air a dozen feet above the water—carried man and boat for 50 feet or more before they struck the water with a terrific impact and, fortunately, slipped over the surface like a flat stone hurled by some giant fist.

The skyscraper that man has erected has created new and hair-raising opportunities for the iron-nerved thrill-seeker. One of the photographs on this page shows a roller skater named Buddy Mann who finds life more stimulating when he gambles with death by skating on the coping of tall buildings. A mistake of one small inch in his calculations would have sent his body hurtling to the street and

certain death—but he didn't miscalculate. Death was shouted and the photographer was rewarded with a picture that afforded him an exciting case of nerves while he was taking it.

An expert motorcyclist by the name of William James thought that the tedium of existence would be amusingly relieved for him if he could demonstrate an experiment with his machine and a plate glass window. If he was wrong—well, that would be that. But he guessed right, and when he smashed into that sheet of glass at a speed of better than 60 miles an hour there

was a nerve-wracking crash and a hundred vicious thumps felt as if they'd swallowed their hearts. James emerged from the experiment smiling happily, with but a few minor cuts on his hands.

Bull-fighting, the national sport of Spain, supplies thrills to thousands of spectators, and especially to the matadors who climb into the arena with the beasts. The cameraman who took the bull-fighting scene above was so sure that death was standing beside him that he was hardly able to speak

for an hour afterward. The matador, pierced by the bull's sharp horn, and tossed high in the air, got his last thrill the instant that remarkable picture was snapped. He was dead before the padre could plead for the peace of his courageous soul.



These English Boys Are Learning the Tricks of Cooking So That They Can When They Grow Up, Be Chefs in the Navy or on Britain's Ocean Liners.

England's Ambitious "Sons o' Seacooks"

NEXT to the captain and the engineer, about the most important member of a ship's crew, in the mind of those who travel the seas, is the ship's cook. He, by his skill or his lack of it in the galley, can make a voyage highly enjoyable, or an experience on the disposition and on the stomach.

England, with her many ships, naval and commercial, needs to it that the supply of sea cooks measures up to the demand, and—as the photograph shows—she begins the training of her sea-going chefs while they're young.

Down on the London docks there's a Nautical School of Cookery where lads who want to go to sea, and men old enough to be their fathers work hard under expert instructors to learn the tricks of buying and preparing "chow" to be served on the high seas.

Ships' galleys are not the spacious places that landlubbers' kitchens are, and the would-be sea-cooks have to master the not-easy art of working efficiently in small quarters.

Most of the boys who take up the profession of sea-cooking do so because they feel the call of the sea and want to take long voyages, even if they get little time on these voyages to get out on deck. At least, they get to visit far-off ports and see something of the world. Others are well aware that the chefs of the big-gut ocean liners command big salaries.

The graduates of the nautical cooking school do not, of course, sign up for their first voyages as full-fledged cooks, even

though they are capable of preparing the ordinary dishes served at sea. They begin their careers as assistant cooks and work their way up, just as other members of the ship's crew do.



An Officer of Nice's "Finest," Doing His Duty By Measuring the Bathing Suit of a Fair Visitor to the Fashionable Resort.

Dangerous and Delightful Duty of Riviera's Beach Police

THE world seems to be getting increasingly broad-minded about feminine bathing suits, but the day has not yet arrived—except in the ranks of the nudists and in spots remote from the parts of the globe broadly described as "civilization"—when the fair sex can play beside the sea in whatever outfits please the fancy. In this country and in Europe the law thrusts out its long arm to protect the eyes of sensitive citizens from "indecent" in dress.

Even on the gay Riviera, where beauty is worshipped and broad-mindedness is considerably broader than in most other places, the civic authorities keep a sharp eye on their beaches and instruct their policemen to play the measuring stick and remove from the scene any young woman—or old woman—who exposes too much of her figure.

At Nice, the smartest watering place on the French Riviera, a special detail of policemen constantly patrols the sands and the boardwalks. By their own admission, they have about the most dangerous and delightful policing job in Europe, or anywhere else. The job is delightful for reasons which are plain to be seen in the photographs—and it is dangerous, because there

is always the possibility that some especially shapely and charming offender will make an officer forget his rigid responsibility and lure him from the unwavering path of duty.

This, of course, would not speak well for the firm-

Made a Fog Horn of His Dog

DAN DORSEY, of Saturday Cove, Maine, is a good fisherman but, unlike most of the State's sons of the sea, a poor navigator in thick weather. He seems somehow to lack that sixth sense of finding his way about in a fog by blind reckoning. He was always going astray in the fog, so he taught his dog, Carrots, to answer with a resounding bark to a blast from his policeman's whistle when he drew within sound of the shore.

Dorsey's cottage is on a point that juts out into the water. Carrots could lie on his own front piazza and bark his warning. That worked fine until the Summer folks came. They brought their own dogs and located in

cottages all around the bay. When Dan blew and Carrots barked the other canines all joined in. Carrots' voice lacked individuality enough to make it distinctive.

Dan overcame that by a bit of patience and Yankee ingenuity. Laboriously he taught Carrots to space his barks, to time them like the fog signals of a lighthouse. Now when caught in thick weather he blows like this: Blast!—Blast! Blast!—Blast!—Blast! Carrots, in reply, barks: Wuff!—Wuff! Wuff!—Wuff!—Wuff!

No matter how many other dogs tune in, Dorsey can always locate Carrots' "fog horn" by the spacing of the barks, and make port safely.

Scientists Puzzled to Repel Vast Armies of Little Creatures Who Elect Their Best and Brainiest as Kings and Queens, Build Skyscrapers, Wage Chemical Warfare, Dig Wells, Are Expert Gardeners, Control the Air and Moisture in Their Homes and Eat Up All the Wood in Houses

\$5,000,000 Worth of Jewels

A GREAT block of Soviet tenement flats stands like a tombstone over the burying place of \$5,000,000 worth of jewels which the man who buried them went back recently to Russia to get. The Soviet Government gave him permission to dig for them, provided three-fourths of the treasure, if found, be turned over to the government. But when he looked for his old home, under which he had hidden the jewels, he found an enormous mass of bricks and mortar covering the spot and further search was useless.

The jewels belong to the early days of the revolution in Russia, and they represent most of the personal wealth of the rich men of Ekaterinburg, the Russian city where the Czar and his family were murdered. Ekaterinburg—now renamed Sverdlovsk—was a prosperous city before the war, a distributing point for merchandise to all parts of the world, and it had many wealthy citizens.

When the revolution came the bankers, merchants and jewelers of Ekaterinburg knew it was only a question of time before all their wealth would be confiscated. They converted everything they could into precious stones, which can be carried and hidden more easily than property in other forms, and as the advance guard of the Red Army moved into town they looked about in haste for a place to hide their jewels.

In one of the better class streets there lived a Hungarian named Goldman, a hairdresser and barber by profession, who was well liked for his honesty. He had been honored by the Czarina herself when she commanded him many times to come to the palace and dress her hair for her. One of the diamond merchants of Ekaterinburg thought of Goldman. "Ah, that's the man," he said, "we can trust Goldman."

He went to the hairdresser's home one night and de-

posed on the dining room table such a collection of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and other gems as no ordinary citizen had ever seen. He begged Goldman to hide them for him.

"You are a Hungarian, Goldman," he said, excitedly. "They will never suspect you of this. They will never harm you. They will not even search your house."

Dazzled and frightened by the display on his table, the little hairdresser trembled. "No, no. You ask too much. I can't do it."

"Goldman, Goldman," pleaded the jeweler, "keep them for me. Hide them for me in case I die or disappear."

That is just what happened to all the rich men of the city. They died or disappeared, which amounted to the same thing. So far as is known, not one of them survives today.

Finally Goldman agreed to keep the jewels until their owner had a chance to dispose of them otherwise. The jeweler went off and whispered to all of his friends of what he had done. The friend told somebody else, and the upshot of it was that every diamond merchant in Ekaterinburg and every rich man who had jewels came to Goldman and demanded that he do the same thing for them.

He protested until he was almost frantic, but they reminded him that the Red would kill him any day for hiding ten thousand diamonds from them than for hiding ten. Goldman was frightened into taking all the jewels for safekeeping, and also several boxes of plates and glassware and a dinner service of platinum.

He had no better place to hide them than under his bed, and there they were when the Red Guards came to search the house for "bourgeois dogs," meaning wealthy Russians. They glanced under the bed, saw that nobody was hiding under there and paid no attention to the humble hairdresser's "junk," he said he had stored there.

Goldman fled from Russia but not until he had buried under his house all the treasure that he had left with him, and not until he had dressed the hair of the Czarina once more. The imperial family had been brought to Ekaterinburg and two days before their execution the Reds permitted the Empress to call in her old hairdresser once more.

Goldman went to Vienna, but took none of the jewels with him, for he knew he would be searched at the frontier. He went back into business with a partner named Klein, and Klein had a brother, Bernard Klein, in England. Goldman had often spoken to his partner of the jewels he had hidden in Ekaterinburg, but he had always been too frightened to think of going back for them, or even of telling the Soviet Government what he had done. But Klein's brother interested several influential Englishmen in the story, including W. Storr Allison of London, and they got permission from the Soviet Government to go to Ekaterinburg, now Sverdlovsk, and search for the jewels, the government to take three-fourths of whatever might be found.

Mr. Allison, Bernard Klein and a London bank manager made the first trip. But from a street map and other information given to them, they failed to find his old house. To their surprise the Soviet Government generously gave permission for Goldman himself to return, with guarantees of safe conduct.

Goldman was so puzzled by the changes that had been made in his old town that he did not look for a long time he was not even able to recognize the street he had lived on. Finally a few remaining landmarks led him to the site of his old house. Inquiries of neighbors, he raised his arm and pointed to a great block of tenement flats which the Soviet Government had built there. "There it is," he gasped. "That's where I used to live. If nobody ever found the jewels they're down under that place."

Russian officials and soldiers had been sent to find the building when the building was erected. They said the building would have to be razed to make a thorough search under its foundation. It was in a strange way, however, that for that. So there was nothing for Goldman and the Englishmen to do but to give up their hunt for the treasure. The Soviet Government, however, is said to be doing some secret digging under the tenement cells.

How Wives Can Keep their Husbands At Home

All men are babies; the bigger and stronger they are, the bigger babies they are. Our mothers started us off by babying us—it is up to you to keep us on.

Keep away from the office and don't be calisthenic. So every time the baby bumps its head or you have a row with the maid.

Don't be a telephone pest calling your husband up to pick up the evening meal at the grocery store on his way home from the office. That's your job.

Don't let your jealousy turn you into a telephone detective, trying to trace your husband's movements without him knowing it.

Don't wait your husband with tears in your eyes when he comes home at night because he was abrupt to you when you phoned. He was in the middle of an important interview when you called.

You had no right to expect any of his time in the daytime except in an emergency. So—Be wary of the Telephone.

Spruce up for him when he comes home at night, the same as you used to before you were married. Don't offer the third course because you are so busy with the children and couldn't change your dress.

Remember you are in competition with your own sex always. Your husband needs your sex at their best all day, so don't let your sex outsmart you. You can do more to retain the romance and thrills of married life than your husband can.

Don't sit back and say, "I've got him." When you get to that stage you are losing him.

Don't grumble when he suggests having a few of his friends in to play bridge. Wouldn't you sooner make a few sandwiches than feel that somebody else was going to if you didn't? Make him want to stay at home and don't use the ball-and-chain method.

When he tells you he won't be home for lunch because his boss is in town, fool him, and tell him to bring him home for lunch, as that's the last thing he expects you to do. Keep the chop chop in the ice box ready for such emergencies.

Don't neglect him for the children. Remember, he is a great deal more sensitive than you realize. The loss of affection which is going in its entirety to the children may make him a good subject for the well-known words, "Poor Jim, your wife doesn't understand you," and the poor fool is apt to believe her.

Successful marriages are founded on mutual respect, and when mutual respect goes out the front door, love goes out the back.

Your biggest problem in married life, ladies, is your own sex. Knowing your own sex, your problem should be solved, provided you realize the seriousness of it.

Make your sex ask the question, "How does the keep marriage there are often disturbances, and many couples seem to need help and advice at that time."

The most difficult period for a man is around the age of fifty, when he undergoes some changes and often becomes the type commonly known as "the old fool." A sort of abnormal vanity often takes possession of him and he flatters himself that he has become very attractive to women. This probably is a psychological reaction from the knowledge of the fact that he is no longer young, and he likes to believe that he is still as fascinating, or more so, than he was when he was a young lad.

For women, the age of forty is the most serious time, because up to then most of them have been too busy with their domestic affairs and the raising of their children to find time for frivolous nonsense. But as the children are matured and the family is perhaps more prosperous, and the care of the household is left to a servant or two, these suddenly emancipated women do not know what to do with their time, and thus they are likely to step out in many directions. Like her husband, she also now realizes that she is becoming matronly and she is tempted to try out her charms to see if they still are effective. If she starts on this path she may be headed for disaster.

Judge McKinley has no illusions as to the masculine partner in matrimony. He is perfectly well aware that, as he says, "All men are babies; the bigger and stronger they are, the bigger babies they are." And this great emotional truth is something which wives should thoroughly understand and always keep in mind in dealing with their partners.

After Much Thought, Has Drawn Up a List of "Don'ts" for Married Women, Designed to Keep Husbands at Home and Make Them Like It—And Possibly Many Women Will Pledge His Words of Wisdom Where They Can See Them at Any Time, and Profit by Them.

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Howard?" instead of the oft heard, "How did she ever get Howard?"

Every man likes to feel his wife is dependent on him and prides himself on his ability to protect her. So whether you are dependent or not, let him feel you are—it makes him feel better.

AFTER twenty years of close personal study and wide experience as a magistrate, Judge John F. McKinley of Ottawa, Ontario, has drawn up a short, snappy list of "Don'ts" for women. This list is printed above, and Judge McKinley believes that an honest and earnest following of these suggestions will keep most married men from straying away from their homes and avoid much of the domestic troubles of married life.

Judge McKinley's domestic court is a clinic of marriage, of the home, of the duties of parents, of the relationship between man and wife.

Judge McKinley has pointed out that a married couple which was there the dissolution and friction of the first few years is not necessarily safe from domestic shipwreck, although some writers have asserted that the danger lies in the first few months or years of the partnership. He points out that after twenty years of marriage, and many couples seem to need help and advice at that time.

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How He Tricked The Police

THOUGH two women had watched a man stab his wife to death, one night in London recently, when the police came he told such a plausible story that they let him walk away. As they knocked on the door he said he had lost the key to his room and could not let them in, but he got out through a balcony window, came around and faced the officers and then "explained" things so calmly that he was not suspected until some time later, when his wife's body was found. Then he was caught in Liverpool and returned for trial.

The man is Nessim Hussain, an East Indian, and his wife was a night club dancer, twenty years old, known as Alma. She was the daughter of an English minor and had come to London four years before because she wanted to have her fling in the gay night life of the city. She was very popular among men who patronized the night clubs, and they made her presents of jewelry and pretty clothes. She seemed to have a special liking for Orientals, and when Nessim Hussain asked her to marry him, she accepted.

She could not give up her other admirers, however, and she and Hussain constantly quarreled. They had a room on the second floor of a house on Churton Street, and their neighbors had heard them talking loudly and heatedly many times. On the night of the murder two women who lived across the street saw them going about on the small gallery on which one of their windows opened. They went inside and fifteen minutes later the neighbors heard a scream and the crash of glass from the Hussains' room. One of the women across the street saw Alma on the floor.

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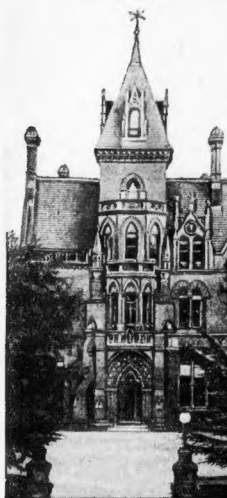
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After Killing His Wife, Hussain Heard the London Police Knock

How to Throw Money Away

Sir Harold and Lady Muriel Bowden Amaze an English Jury With Their Fantastic Extravagances, Including House Parties Where 36 Guests Dined Every Day for Two Weeks and Lady Muriel, Changing Several Times a Day, Never Wore the Same Gown Twice



Entrance to "Bentwood Lodge," the Country Estate of Sir Harold Bowden, Where Dinner for Thirty-six Guests Were Given Night After Night and Lady Bowden Fell She Could Not Wear the Same Dress Twice.

BACK into the courts have come the very wealthy Sir Harold Bowden and his very extravagant wife, Lady Bowden, in a new extravaganza, that might be called, "How to Throw Money Away."

The British public had hardly stopped talking about the first one, a sort of cat-and-dog melodrama in which the rich Baronet slapped his wife's money back so hard that it made her nose bleed, threw his shoe at her during a party, called her "fervid things" and offered her \$20,000 cash to jump out of a high window.

Now, like two popular stars in a theatrical stock company, they are back again before the public in a new but equally interesting legal show. This time a pop-eyed jury heard and an equally pop-eyed public read of a home where 36 guests sat down to dinner, night after night, sometimes for two weeks at a stretch—not the same guests each night, of course.

What oceans of wine and mountains of food were consumed at these daily banquets, to say nothing of the other meals of the 14 days, what an army of servants was needed to prepare and carry in and out all those dishes, and what a prodigious draft of them to wash afterward. Some of the extravagances Lady Bowden told on herself because her husband had been a party to them by permitting and condoning them, and therefore she thought they justified her in pyramiding and inflating her own personal expenditure to at least as fantastic heights.

For instance, during these fortnight-long social agonies, with 36 guests to feed, irrigate and entertain, she had to change her dress several times a day. This did not mean merely having three or four different kind of things to wear, but a new and entirely different set for each day of the 14 in which these guests would see her. It would not do for her to wear anything twice, even a riding habit, because "such penuriousness" would introduce a false note of economy and spoil the effect of her husband's Croesus-like magnificence. After all that vast outlay, she didn't want her husband's guests to think this prince of spenders was stingy with his own wife. A guest at tonight's dinner might meet a guest of last evening and discover that her ladyship had worn the same dress.

For the same reason she could not possibly pinch along with only one \$5,000 fur coat a year, and it did not help in the least that she had a whole closet full of other fur coats because she had already worn them several times and the women friends in their circle would remember them. Lady Muriel Bowden's theory was sound enough legally. A wife has the right to be at least as extravagant as her husband and on top of that as much more so as he permits her to be. The question presently is this second legal comedy was how much over and beyond her husband's wishes she could go and still hold her husband financially responsible.



Lady Muriel Bowden, Whose Wild Extravagances a London Jury Decided Could Not Be Charged to Her Husband.

To find this out, Ann Talbot, Limited, a firm of London dressmakers, had sued both Sir Harold and Lady Muriel for a mere item of slightly under \$10,000 for a few things to wear, which she had ordered to take out her wardrobe for the season of 1932. The husband did not pretend that this amount in itself would be extravagant, but he knew that it was only a drop in the bucket, the first of a snow-storm of bills. His defense was that she might have gotten along in these days of low prices on the \$20,000 a year allowance he gave her for clothing. His lady's answer was that this had been more than exhausted merely on first payments.

When they were married in 1920, the Baronet settled on his wife a trust fund, with an annual income equal to \$20,000 which both thought would be enough for a lady to dress on. That was promptly found to be a mistake. On the honeymoon to which she had brought a trousseau that had cost about \$65,000, they saw the famous Mrs. Jean Nash in a fur coat and one or two other trifles, not counting jewelry, which the Paris dressmakers said would cost \$21,000 to equal. Sir Harold at once ordered his financial secretary to bring the check book and pen, a precedent that became a habit and grew with the years.

At first the Baronet did not feel it. He had what seemed like inexhaustible wealth from his father. He maintained a large yacht, a spacious London apartment and so much land in Scotland that it entirely enclosed several fine fishing lakes. Among his other places was Bentwood Lodge, a country estate in Nottinghamshire which had 42 bedrooms and so many servants that guests, after staying two weeks, were unable to count them all, perhaps because as often as Sir Harold fired half a dozen to get them from under foot,

his wife would replace them with twice as many new ones.

Nevertheless, they lived happily in this odor of burning money for a few years until England began to feel the first chill of coming hard times. The Baronet's income shrank while his taxes mounted until he really was forced to economize. Sir Harold laid up his yacht, let go his private lakes, and cut off a few thousands here and there but still his budget did not balance, so that in 1928 he felt obliged to ask his wife to help in the retrenchment.

Lady Muriel hated to discuss such bothersome things as economy and quickly ended the conversation by offering to get along on half her \$20,000 a year allowance. Her husband was delighted and everything was settled under with endless papers which for a moment he could not resist them up and made a typewritten list, took this occasion to hurry out in order not to be a witness to what might follow.

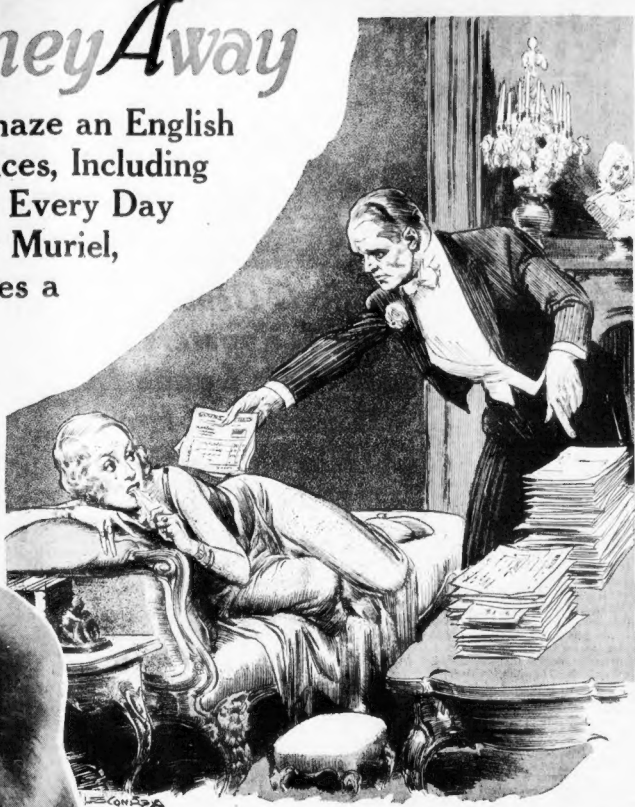
The Baronet did not quite drop dead from the shock and there was no bloodshed. But there were high words and tears. "I was astounded—dumbfounded," he told the court when he found that his wife had partly run him into a debt not of a couple of thousands but \$60,000 in addition to her allowance and "We had a serious quarrel," he added. Lady Muriel wept that the man who was supposed to love her should be so cross when he could see that she had needed all these things. However, if he felt that way she would never, never charge anything to his account again. He believed that she was serious at last and relying on that promise, forgave everything, arranged for an overdraft

and he wanted to know the total of her indebtedness. Lady Muriel had only the vaguest idea—perhaps a couple of thousand, more or less. Apparently she thought a bill not really due and owing until the sheriff came to collect it. When her husband said that they must start with a clean slate by settling everything, she took renewed interest and promised to have any extra odds and ends ready to show him in a week.

When the day arrived, his wife had certainly made good. As he stepped into the drawing room, the table was covered under with endless papers which for a moment he could not resist them up and made a typewritten list, took this occasion to hurry out in order not to be a witness to what might follow.

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of \$60,000 at the bank and cleaned the debt all up. A few days later, as he stepped out of that same drawing room he saw his wife prancing happily downstairs in a fur coat, which he could not remember having seen before. An uneasy thought made him ask about it.



Sir Harold Bowden, Who Was Sued for His Wife's Extravagances, Not Adjudged Not Responsible for the Bills.

"I was astounded—dumbfounded," Sir Harold told the court when his Secretary assembled the Unpaid Bills, and He Called His Wife in to Know Why There Were \$60,000 Worth of Clothes and Jewels She Had Purchased Outside of Her Allowance of \$20,000. "We had a serious quarrel," He Added, While Lady Muriel Wept, Promised Not to Do It Again—and Kept Right on Until She Had Run Up Another \$75,000 Worth of Bills.

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"Oh," she explained, "I forgot to mention when you were so cross that I had to have this coat. You wouldn't have me going around threadbare, and I've worn the others at least twenty times. It cost \$1,750. You see how economical I am getting."

She had forgotten and charged it to him. This time it was Lady Muriel who was dumbfounded because he took it right off her lovely shoulders and made her send it back. Lady Muriel had so many jewels that her husband did not need a new diamond bracelet on her wrist, but the rest of the month it was called to his attention by a bill for it from the jeweler for \$4,500. She had forgotten again. It is so hard for a woman who is willing to look "middle class," but Lady Muriel had too much respect for her husband for that. It was strange he couldn't see that it was all for him. Instead of seeing, there was a series of painful, fearful scenes, followed by more overdrafts, which ran up a new total of \$75,000.

At this point the Baronet became weary of arguing with his wife and informed her that this was the last time he would speak to her on the subject. The lady was pleased at this until the next morning she read in the papers his notice that he would no longer be responsible for his wife's debts. That, however, is easier said than done. A man must pay for his wife's necessities and, for the wife of a very rich man, most anything may be necessary. The tradespeople kept right on letting her have most anything she ordered and billing her husband in spite of his protests. Everything she ordered was legally a necessity for a woman of the style of living to which her husband had accustomed her.

However, there is a limit to how many fur coats and how much new jewelry is strictly necessary to any woman in one year. Also if the husband has already given his wife a liberal allowance to pay for all these things the court will sometimes protect him from having her "tick him double" by charging them to his account and spending the allowance for something else.

So tradesmen who encourage extravagant wives are taking something of a chance. In this case, the jury, overwhelmed at such throwing away of money, decided that Mr. Harold had been stuck plenty and ordered Ann Talbot, Limited, to collect from the purchaser herself, if it could. A crestfallen crowd of other creditors listened to the bad news, knowing that it set a precedent against their hopes of pinning the wife's bill on the Baronet. Probably that Croesus will relent and settle as usual but it will put a crimp in her ladyship's power to get him into that hole again.

"I am such an unhappy woman," lamented Lady Muriel after the trial. "Those twelve men didn't seem to understand how easily \$5,000 can go for a sable coat. And those parties at which I bought constant changes of sport suits, tea gowns and evening dresses. When Premier Venizelos of Greece was visiting us and we sat down to dinner every night, it was my pride to have certain delicacies at the table. Also I bought flowers during the off-season when none were to be had from our gardens. Imagine what flowers for 36 rooms cost. When my husband thought these little touches needless extravagance, I bought them out of my own allowance."

"I would have gone on the witness stand and explained these things, but I thought it would be undignified. It is so difficult to speak of these calls upon one's purse."

"If she had told about paying for those flowers and delicacies," remarked Sir Harold, "I might have explained that whenever I objected to any extravagance, she always replied, 'Then I will pay for it myself.' But I always paid in the end."

To give the case a comic ending, the judge awarded costs against Lady Muriel, not only for the plaintiff but for Sir Harold. Theoretically he might attach any of those many fur coats for which he has had to pay.

See the Children Really Like to Go to School



At Last a Scheme Is Devised Which Makes Things So Interesting the Youngsters Come Early, Hurry Through Their Lunch Hour and Have to Be Discouraged From Working After School Hours

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days.
Reading and 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of a hickory stick.
—From popular song by Cobb & Edwards. Copyright by Gus Edwards and Jack Mills.

By BERNICE CRAIL.

FROM earliest recorded history, school days have been a bugbear, and the unsolved problem of the educational authorities has been to make school attractive. At last this seems to have been accomplished to a considerable degree in some of the public schools of Los Angeles. Indeed, the classrooms have been made so attractive that the children often come early, ahead of the teachers, hurry their lunches so they can get back to work in the noon hour, and frequently are chased out after school hours and told they must go home.

In these schools are special rooms set apart for the experiment on two classes of pupils—those who are above the average in intelligence and those who are below average in intelligence or are handicapped by some physical misfortune. The more intelligent youngsters are put into Opportunity A Room, and the mentally or physically delinquent are segregated into Opportunity B Room. In Opportunity A, the specially gifted children are afforded all sorts of unusual school equipment, so they may exercise and develop their talents unhindered by the more limited conventional rules and methods in the rooms where the average children are taught.

In Opportunity B Room the dull or physically handicapped child is provided with special opportunity for dealing with its defects. The result of these special educational methods turns out to be such a stimulation to the youthful mind that the pupils enjoy every moment in the classroom and employ various devices to stretch the school hours.

The week's program in these rooms usually opens with a discussion of the week's work. On Monday the pupils also report their progress and ask for additional information or assistance. The fundamentals of reading, writing and arithmetic are taught, but they are coated with such pleasant associations that they are eagerly tasted, masticated and swallowed. There is no resorting to the common "thrust down the throat" method. Formal recitation periods at stated times are practically eliminated in these rooms.

The method of instruction is through the medium of so-called "activities." Each room has a major activity which usually interests all the pupils. Then there are group activities or clubs, and there are individual activities. The major activity may continue for one or more months, or may last through out the year.

As one of the teachers remarked: "We never know where an activity will lead us. We started to study timepieces as our major activity, with the thought that in a couple of months we would take up something else. Before we knew it, the children had produced a study of seasons, the sun's course, longitude and latitude, and the effect of the different zones on the life of the inhabitants."

In another room the children were studying Mexico. Before the foundation of the year had woven a blanket from raw wool, written a play around the life of the Aztec, produced a map, the pupils making all the costumes and stage settings.

In Opportunity A Room life is one continual round of satisfying the curiosity of the pupils. Trips to various States of countries form the foundation of many major activities. One room was organized to study the world from the captain down, with each child having a definite duty to perform during an imaginary trip around the world. Another room went "around the world with wings." The boys, who were the pilots of the planes, visited factories and learned about the mechanism of planes. They made excellent drawings intelligible to the other members of the room, and explained in de-



A Nature Study Club Preparing a School Exhibit.

tail the intricate machinery. Some of the pupils listed the articles necessary for such a trip. The actual pieces, including food and clothing, were brought to school and weighed and measured, and thus painstakingly they learned the metric system. Several pupils made logs of the plane, computing to the fraction of a mile in decimals the distance traveled each day. The courses of the winds were studied and the density of the air in various levels and locations.

The main activity in one room was called the Jungle. A map of the world was made and animals drawn in the various localities. This led to a study of climate, conditions and of native trees and herbs. In this room on the last day of the semester, was a puppet show. The puppets and stage had been made by the pupils and the play written by them. And the characters were animals from the various parts of the world.

A comparative exploration of both coasts of the United States formed the basis of one room's major activity. The map drawn by the pupils showed a date chart and illustrations depicting the types of settlers who were the pioneers in our country.

In one room the walls were decorated with a large frieze made by the pupils. The parts of the frieze were to be referred to the size of lantern slides and used in travel talks, all work to be done by the pupils. Thus a knowledge of geography and history is acquired along with an interest in these "lonely subjects," social studies, science information, current events, applied arithmetic, art and written expression.

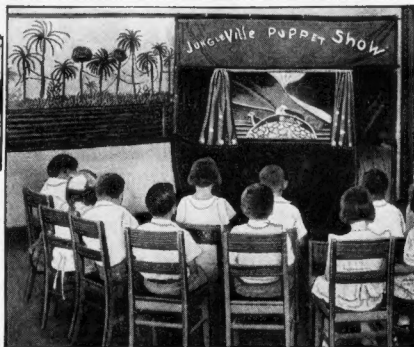
If the major activity does not absorb all the interest of the pupils, clubs of smaller groups are formed at the suggestion of the teacher or from the pupils own initiative. A club president and a secretary are elected by popular vote and continue in office during active participation in the particular field of interest. Bird clubs, garden clubs and book clubs flourish in most of the Opportunity Rooms. American History Clubs are popular in which some period of American history is discussed through reports, illustrated booklets or illuminated maps. There are the Citizen clubs organized to study civic government and for the purpose of class room control, with each pupil performing a definite room duty. Then there was what might be called



Children Constructing Models of a Hopi Indian Village, Which Must Be Fairly Accurate in Proportion and Details.

behavior groups. This group was organized under the name of the "Gang." During the last few years the word "gang" has become associated with crime and lawlessness, and the name of this group, at least on the blackboard, has been changed to "Honor Roll." However, among the pupils themselves, and in club meetings, "Gang" is still the name of this select group.

Each week, by popular vote, a Mayor is selected, either a boy or a girl, and once a week a gang meeting is held at which he or she presides. Complimentary and uncomplimentary criticisms are expressed about each other. Here are a few of the unfavorable comments: "—never does anything good," "does only what she has to do and nothing more," "makes good maps but doesn't do enough arithmetic," "works on charts and neglects other things," "leaves arithmetic until last day," "truns around and says she's tired." After each pupil declares his claim



Children of Opportunity Room A Enjoying a Puppet Show Which Illustrates Animal Stories.

to eligibility and his excitement, these well-endowed children are constant readers. Their reading is for the most part along the line the pupil himself chooses. A minimum requirement of reading is in the instructor's mind, but the need of restricting the maximum occurs more often than that of enforcing the minimum.

In some rooms definite assignments in arithmetic are given by the pupils for a longer period to groups of six or eight. The children bring their chairs and group themselves in one corner of the room.

Original examples based on the experiences of the pupils and illustrating each of the processes of finding the principal, interest and per cent are worked on the board by the pupils. The rules for finding each are discussed. "Are all of you sure this is you understand the problems?" from the teacher. If all agree they are, the recitation is over.

In some of the rooms individual arithmetic work, according to each pupil's capacity, is the method of instruction. These specially endowed

children are selected for these rooms because their comprehension and intelligence are two years or more beyond the ordinary child. A certain number of problems may be required each week. The assignment is covered and the work corrected by the older pupils. No time is wasted on a repetition in class of the same type of examples, which is necessary in the usual class room.

These children of superior mental ability accomplish in three days the school work which the average child does in five days. Therefore, even the major activity and the small club interest do not always occupy all the time of these nimble-brained youngsters. Their surplus energy and brain power conserve individual activities with inexhaustible outlets.

One boy chose Chinese architecture as his interest, and executed a drawing illustrating the types of architecture with the historical background. Two boys together worked out a chart showing the soil formations in different areas and explained the causes to the class. Another boy made a map of the mammals of the earth and sea, according to the sea levels, with explanations why a certain type of mammal lives at a particular sea level. Historic murals were the product of one emory artist.

In another room an eight-year-old boy was poring over chemistry formulas. He had received a chemistry set for Christmas, but had tested the formulas and had found some of them not true and he was working out his own. At the bottom of one page he had written: "Ink that won't wash," and on another, "Most hair removers take away the face and not the hair."

One six-year-old girl expressed herself in poetry: "Up in the northland Eskimos stay, On the ice and snow the children play."

Studying Evolution of Animal Life From a Model of the Reconstructed Prehistoric Monsters Whose Bones Were Recovered From the Famous La Brea Tar Pits. Where the Curious Creatures of Earlier Ages Were Trapped. In the Center of the Table Is Shown a Reduced Size Model of Ancient California and Some of the Huge Beasts Which Roamed Over the Land.



Studying Geography by Making Models of Contiguous, Oceanic, Mountain Ranges, and Placing the Correct Forms of Animal Life in Each Section.

They have warm clothes And plenty to eat, For their parents provide them With furs and meat." Original poems set to their own music, and sung for the class, demonstrate the versatility of talent of these children.

The theory upon which these Opportunity A Rooms operate is that "the purpose of education is to effect desirable change in conduct through wholesome and complete living of the highest type, leading to satisfactory adjustment of the individual to himself, to the social group, and to a changing world. By-products of the educational process will be the acquisition of socially desirable traditions of knowledge, fundamental skills and worthwhile appreciation."

Success of these opportunity rooms depends largely on the teacher. A teacher must be endowed with extra intelligence, and with an understanding and sympathy for youth. She should be a student of child psychology and mental hygiene and be able to recognize creative ability. Not every teacher is temperamentally capable of supervising these rooms.

Unless there is some special reason to the contrary, the children who are admitted to Opportunity A Rooms remain until they are ready for junior high school, which in Los Angeles is the seventh grade.

Promotions are made "when it has been decided that the pupil has reached the stage of development where he will benefit by taking this educational step." The pupil is presumed to be socially and physically as well as mentally equipped for his promotion.

A battery of achievement tests is given the pupil within a month of the date of transfer. The result of the tests, with the intelligence quotient and other data concerning the child, are sent to his prospective school in order to enable him to receive the ablest instructors and proper placement. The evidence of standard tests and the report of the teachers show the ability of Opportunity A pupils to do superior work in advanced grades. This is indicated in "their mental and social development, study habits, interest, initiative and independence."

The "well-endowed" children of Los Angeles, who have had the advantage of Opportunity A Rooms, show through tests and observation that they excel over well endowed children who have not had this opportunity, in that, 1. They make more A and B grades in high school. 2. Their creative ability in all lines attempted exceeds expectation. 3. Along with considerable enrichment of curriculum, fundamental skills are developed far beyond individual grade placements. 4. Pupils are thoroughly equipped as well as mentally able to do work of a superior type.

New French Healer—"Cures Anything; No Charge"

Peasant's Wife Receives Patients All Day Long
and "Absorbs Their Diseases" Into Her
Own Body, and at Night Casts
Them Out As a Dog Shakes
Off His Fleas



The Old Idea of Ailments and Aches and Pains Was That the Sufferer Was Being Tormented by Evil Spirits. Many Medieval Nations Still Preval in the Remote Provinces of France. This Drawing, "The Head-ache," Is by the Old English Artist Cruikshank.



Village Street in the Little French Town, Bussiere-Galant, Near Which the Peasant Healer Lives.



Mme. Desbordes, in the Center of a Group of Persons She Has "Miraculously Cured" of All Sorts of Ailments and Diseases.

Mme. Anna Desbordes, "Miracle Healer," Who Will Undertake to Cure Any Disease, Internal or External, That Comes to Her.

PARIS, July 6. EVERYBODY remembers the sudden fame of Emile Coue, the obscure French druggist, who claimed the power of almost magic cures of all human ills by the power of suggestion. Coue invented the phrase: "Every day, in every way, I am getting better and better." Coue's fame spread all over the earth and he made a tour of the United States; but he is now dead and forgotten.

Coue's scheme was to keep up a monotonous repetition of the words quoted above until the patient was able to think himself out of his ailments. But now the French people are absorbed in watching the cures of another faith healer. This time it is a woman, Mme. Desbordes, in a far-away French province. Instead of the laying-on of hands, whispering of mysterious spells or repeating a jargon of words, this latest healer has a new scheme. She invites her patients to come in and she "absorbs their ailments," very much as a blotter soaks up the ink spot, and then she throws them off as a dog shakes off his fleas on to the mat.

All day long Mme. Desbordes welcomes patients, absorbs into her own body and person their ailments and then, when the last patient is gone, she shakes herself loose from the acquired miscellaneous bunch of human ills. Mme. Desbordes lives in the town of Landignac, near the town of Limoges, in the Department of Haute Vienne, part of the old province of Poitou, which is famous for faith cures and, in earlier times, devil worship. Many medieval notions still prevail there. The old idea that ailments and aches and pains were the torments of evil spirits are still believed, and many have faith that these tormenting spirits can be driven out by a qualified healer.

Madame Desbordes is reputed to have healed more people than any other healer, she has more friends than any of them and it seems impossible to punish her, for she prescribes no medicine, asks for no patients and has never been known to ask anybody for money.

No high-class physician of the day is said to have as many patients as this uneducated peasant woman. If she cures their diseases without charge, it is said that no crime or offense can be proven against her. The officials do not claim that she has ever done any harm to anybody, some other healers have done. Madame Desbordes has a unique method of healing. If a person has a disease she looks into his eyes and absorbs his trouble

into herself by a secret process—as she claims. Later she is able to eliminate the disease from herself by a method which she also keeps secret.

The condition of the healer excites the sympathy of many persons. Imagine a person in contact all day long with all kinds of human diseases and ailments. She absorbs cancer, abscesses, arthritis, toothaches, corns, bunions, sore throat and so forth. She has some kind of ailment in her from the top of her head to the tips of her toes. Even though she has a way of throwing them out, they must have an unwholesome effect upon her. It is not surprising that Madame Desbordes looks very ill and worn.

Some distinct and peculiar method seems to be necessary to every successful healer. Professor Coue had his jingle of words, which was not very trying for him to keep repeating. But Madame Desbordes' method of absorbing disease is harder on the healer than Professor Coue's way. Many people call her "the human mongoose," because they think that noble little animal can be bitten by all kinds of snakes, including the deadly hooded cobra, and throw off the effects.

The correspondent of the American Weekly made a journey to the country district where Madame Desbordes practices, in order to learn something about the power she exercises over her neighbors. She occupies a large farmhouse together with another family who conduct a grocery on the ground floor. Madame receives her patients upstairs.

There is always a long string of motor cars in front of the building. Some of these have brought their owners, but she has many chauffeurs and taxi men among her patients, for she treats rheumatism and other troubles which are common in their calling.

Every patient must have a numbered ticket to be received by Madame Desbordes. Her relatives arrange for the distribution of the numbers and the reception of the patients on the ground floor. A hundred numbers are issued every day and Madame will see that many and no more. The numbers are hung on a book outside the door. Some people wait from two o'clock in the morning in order to be received early. After some delay Madame consented to receive a newspaper correspondent without a ticket, in the public interest. She is an intelligent-looking young woman with very bright eyes but an

unwholesome pallor and a very tired expression. In reply to various questions she said:

"I treat all diseases. The details of my method are a secret which I will not reveal to anyone. It is not something I learned from anybody. It came to me one day like a religious revelation. I just knew that I could heal."

"At first people would not believe me, and some of them said that I was mad. But soon I forced them to admit that I could do it. My first cure was of my own child, who was suffering badly from whooping cough. After that I had an abscess of the appendix, and I cured him of that. Then I cured my husband's brother of tuberculosis. My husband had both legs paralyzed. I treated him and next day he was able to get out and work in the field."

"Yes, it is true that I receive the diseases into myself and afterwards get rid of them, but I will not reveal the secret of how I do this. While I am treating the patient I recite a prayer."

"I am not well. I labor excessively and receive a hundred patients a day. I begin my day at eight o'clock and end it late in the evening."

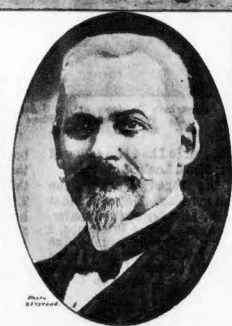
"The doctors do harm in hunting me and spying on me. They would do better to earn to work to cure disease. It is well known that I have cured many persons given up by the doctors. I seek no patients. They are only too glad to come to me."

"Some must come to me two or three times, but from the first visit they are relieved."

"She pointed to photographs of various persons who, she said, had been helped and showed letters from many saying they had been completely cured."

"Madame is able to take all the diseases into herself and then cast them out. They have no power to harm her."

"The neighbor says that she has told some people that their diseases were



The Late Emile Coue, Who Produced Faith Cures But Is Now Dead and Forgotten.

too advanced to be cured.

Madame Desbordes was visited by the officers of the law, but would not answer their questions fully or satisfactorily. She said she had visions and a secret was revealed to her by which she could cure disease. The officers also questioned many of her patients, all of whom said that they had been benefited by her treatment. Finally she was taken before a magistrate, to whom she also refused to give all the information desired. She was told to be ready to appear again when called upon.

If Madame Desbordes asks no money for her treatment, it is said she will accept gifts if they are presented in the proper way.

While Madame Desbordes is the most prominent healer in the country where she lives, there are a great many others, and most of them have plenty of believers. Some of them have not been so successful or cautious as she has. One of them, Charles Lacellier, is being prosecuted at Poitiers for illegally practicing medicine. It is said that two of his "patients" went mad and are now in asylums.

Some of the healers make extortionate charges and this is sure to arouse indignation of the French peasantry before long. Xavier Charles, a farmer near Poitiers, said he was treated—without success—for a cancerous leg by a healer named Bordeaux, who charged him first 800 francs and then 700 francs.

Bordeaux is said to have treated

Irene Brec for tuberculosis by incantations, passes and other methods of the medieval sorcerer at a charge of 18,000 francs.

The healers are variously known as sleepers, touchers and bone-curers. The sleeper professes to go into a sleep when a sick man comes to him, and during this sleep he learns what is the matter with the sufferer. After that he proceeds with the cure. They often prescribe pomades, syrups and broth made with herbs which they grow and sell.

A picturesque healer is Madame Moreau, of Chaz, in Poitou, known as "the eye roller." She belongs to the sleeper class, but turns her eyes up and rolls them around as she goes into her magic sleep. She claims to cure people at a distance by holding some object, such as a handkerchief, which has been in contact with them. She often finds that a person has been under a "spell" and professes to take it away.

Paul Morand is a very successful healer, living at the village of St. Just, near the town of Niort. In fact he is known as "the good God of St. Just." He sends out cards announcing that he receives people on the first six days of the month. "If you can't come, send a lock of your hair. If a person does this without sending him any money the healer writes him a letter saying, 'I am thinking of you.' However, nothing happens, and finally the sufferer sends some money or goes in person, which is about the same thing."

This healer works by looking into the patient's eyes, laying on hands and "trading him with beneficent rays." The patient is told that the healer does not charge anything, but is advised to drop something in his pocket on leaving. One woman put her hand in his pocket, but left nothing. When she returned to leave the room she found the door would not open. The healer then said:

"If that person will restore the coin she has in her pocket, she will be able to leave."

She accepted the hint and the door opened.

This man, like other healers, finds scores of reputable citizens to testify to the genuineness of his cures. One woman informed the authorities that her left hand had been paralyzed for years. A druggist, of Niort, who ought to know something about medicine, said:

"I suffered terribly for years with a rheumatic knee. I watched the approach of the hunting season with misery, for I loved hunting and could no longer go out. I went to Father Morand, who read a secret prayer over my knee, and I was permanently cured and could hunt all I wanted to."

Some of the healers are known as "marcouls," a term peculiar to the region and not found in the dictionary. A girl says she

was made miserable by a scalp disease and went to a "marcoult" who cured her with a solution made from pumpkin and wild celery juice.

"Marcouls" always have a peculiar mark on some part of the body, like a fleur-de-lis or a star. Most of them are seventh sons of seventh sons. Only those having the latter qualification are considered able to cure scrofula or "the King's evil," the disease which compelled King Louis XIV to wear a long wig covering his neck. Old Father Morand has a formation like a fleur-de-lis on the palm of his right hand and is credited with innumerable cures.

Many healers blow the form of a cross on the affected part. One of several healers being prosecuted is Louis Martin, who lives near the old city of Poitiers. He claims to send healing from his body to the sufferers. His friends assert that he has made cures by hundreds, mostly nervous diseases, but also, they say, cancer in an early stage.

It will be easily understood that the swarm of mystical healers in this interesting part of old France has had an interesting effect on the medical profession. One ostensible healer informed the gendarmes and reporters that he had cured a cancerous tumor, but he concealed the fact in order to earn a living. He begged them not to give his secret away.

Several doctors declared that in their experience the healers had done more good than Louis. One of them asserted that the diseases cured are all of a kind curable by "persuasion." Such diseases often need ordinary medical treatment, but respond to something that stimulates the emotions.

Saw the Reflection of the

And When M. Causeret, One of the Highest Go
His Angry Sweetheart a Bullet D
Career of an E



Mme. Germaine d'Anglemont, Notorious Adventuress, Courtesan and Alleged Black-mailer, Who Had Entanglements With Many Highly Placed French Officials.

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PARIS, July 7.

M. JEAN CAUSERET, Prefect (Governor) of Bouches-du-Rhone, a Department (Province) of France, came to Paris to visit his notorious sweetheart, Mme. Germaine d'Anglemont. Dressing to depart, he stood in front of the mirror to adjust his tie—and his eye caught the reflection in the mirror of the swift movement of the woman as she picked up a pistol and aimed at him. Raising his arms and with a cry of alarm, Causeret wheeled around—received a pistol bullet in his head and fell dead.

Just how and why Germaine killed her lover may never be known. So notorious is this woman and her political connections are so involved with high government officials that there is not much encouragement for the police to unravel all the facts. And when Germaine is brought to trial, it is not likely that the scandal will be allowed to be very fully told.

Not since the days when Mme. Caillaux, the tragic beauty-wife of the then Minister of Finance of France, was involved in a drama of a similar kind has the public been so stirred. M. Causeret was one of the best known government officials in France. He had been a Director of Algerian Affairs at the Ministry of the Interior, the Mayor of Bourguil and a Commander of the Legion of Honor. It was in her luxurious flat at No. 8 Avenue du Parc Monceau, in the fashionable part of Paris, that the shooting took place. And not until this tragedy did the public learn that Germaine was known as the "femme de chambre," because of her many sweethearts in the Chamber of Deputies, and that she was a professional beauty, courtesan, alleged blackmailer and spy. But she is now 44 years old, her beauty faded, and desperation may have guided the finger that pressed the pistol trigger.

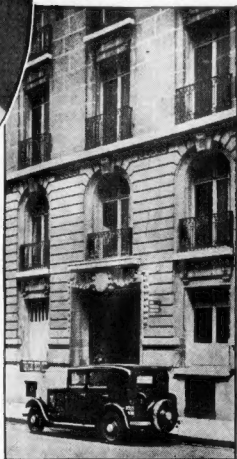
Born in the slums, where she became the idol of ill-famed dance-halls, she later used her charms as a passport to the world of fashion, fascinating captains of industry, statesmen and princes, who squandered money freely on her. A spy for the French War Department, Germaine traveled in Europe, North Africa, Central and South America. When her beauty began to fade, she made blackmailing her business.

According to her story, a brief scene of jealousy led to the shooting. Shedding abundant tears in a tiny blue handkerchief which covered her face but permitted glimpses of her peroxide hair, she told the examining magistrate, M. Rousset, that Causeret had been an admirer of hers for years, and that of late he had been giving her 1,000 francs pin-money a month.

Mlle. d'Anglemont—her real name is Huot—declared that the Prefect, who is married and has two children living in Marseilles, was in the habit of visiting her whenever he came to Paris. On his last trip to the capital, he went as usual to her apartment and proceeded to make himself at home.



M. Jean Causeret, Prefect of the Bouches-du-Rhone District and Former Director of Algerian Affairs at the French Ministry of the Interior, Commander of the Legion of Honor—Who Was Shot Dead in Her Apartment by His Sweetheart.



Germaine's Residence at No. 8 Avenue du Parc Monceau, Where She Shot M. Causeret.

"Jean and I have never had any serious disputes," said Germaine, "but some time ago I suspected him of being unfaithful to me, of paying attention to an old friend of his in the Printemps department store, who bore the Prefect a child that is now being brought up in the country near Paris, and so I had him followed by a private detective, Mme. Louise Lagarosse.

"On the day of the tragedy I asked Jean where he had been all morning. He replied that he had been busy at the Ministry of the Interior, but as I knew he had gone to the Printemps, I reproached him, saying, 'Why do you lie like that?' and told him a friend of mine had seen him at the Printemps. He explained this by stating he had merely dropped in there to buy a bottle of perfume for his wife.

"Jokingly, I remarked that I didn't believe him, and decided to frighten him by a little act. While he was adjusting his tie in the mirror, I went to the mantel-piece, picked up a revolver lying in front of a bronze Buddha, and pointed the weapon at him.

"Don't play with that!" Jean cried, for he saw the reflection of the revolver in the glass. He swung around so quickly that his right arm struck the weapon, causing it to go off. Mortally wounded, he staggered, then fell to the floor."

Mlle. d'Anglemont insists it was all an accident. She asserts she had no intention whatever of shooting Causeret, for whom she had a "tender affection," and was horrified at having killed him. After keeping the tragedy quiet for several hours the police put Mlle. d'Anglemont under arrest and carried her off to the Petite Roquette prison. And then came the revelations of the extraordinary career of the remarkable woman who killed Causeret.

Mlle. Yvonne-Germaine Huot—her title of "d'Anglemont" is false as her complexion—is the illegitimate offspring of Amanda-Virginie Huot and M. Saffroy, the latter a vendor of brass wares on the Boulevard de Belleville.

Germaine first saw the light of day—on November 8, 1888—through a grimy garret window in a lodging house at No. 10 Rue du Pont-aux-Choux. This picturesque but squalid quarter of Paris exhaled a poisoned atmosphere of poverty and vice, and the mother acted wisely in sending her daughter to the religious school of Du Pecq, near St. Germain-en-Laye, where she remained until 1901.

At the age of 13 the girl returned home, yet her desires extended far beyond the horizon of the household. Instead of helping mother by washing dishes, scrubbing the floor or running



Mlle. Germaine With Her Three Dogs—Diane, Fourrure and Chocolat. The Hard Lines on Her Face, Etched by the Life the Adventuress Has Led, Are to Be Seen in Contrast With the Picture of Her in Earlier Years Shown Elsewhere on This Page.

errands, the giddy damsel passed her time devouring the romances of Xavier de Montepin, Feval and Zevaco, and frequenting low dance halls of the neighborhood.

Life is beset with obstacles, but not for a girl with such a pretty face and provocative figure as Germaine possessed. In two years' time she reigned as Queen of Hearts in all the halls of the Rue des Gravilliers and Rue des Vertus, where she went by the nickname of "Nini," and was surrounded by a band of "protectors" in peaked caps and velvet jackets.

The fair Cytherean, who had long since been driven from the maternal lodging by reason of her conduct, now installed herself in a cheap hotel at No. 94 Rue des Archives, devoting her energies there to the exploitation of male susceptibility. A desire for money appears to have

been Mlle. Huot's dominant characteristic. Like the heroine of Abbot's tale, she was capable of throwing 1,000 francs out of the window so that 2,000 francs might enter by the front door. Indeed, her dimples hid a will of iron. She wanted to succeed at any cost, no matter how; to have a house of her own, autos, diamonds, dresses—all the accessories indispensable to a woman belonging to the upper stratum of her profession.

Germaine realized that if she remained in the slums, there was little hope of ever rising to the ranks of the fashionable demi-monde. To the day of her death—in some poor-house or hospital, perhaps—she would be nothing else than a street girl, with cracked voice and impudent gestures soliciting passers-by, and continually preyed upon by bullies.

So one bright morning she packed her trunk, put on her best dress, and moved to a rich section of the city. Fortune favors the bold, for a week after leaving the sordid quarter she captivated a wealthy Hollander, named Van Hooschoot, at the Jardin de Paris. So completely did he fall under her spell that he rented a sumptuous suite of rooms for her at No. 4 Rue Pierre-Haret, and set out to ruin himself by gratifying her caprices.

Though born in Holland, Van Hooschoot was jealous as a Turk. He objected to the smiles his Sultana bestowed on the male guests at her dinner parties, but Germaine told him to mind his business or to go back and tend tulips in his native land. At last he left her to her wiles and devices, returning to Rotterdam a sadder and wiser man. This was just what the lady wanted and she went to live with a Hindu Prince in a "hotel particulier"—a private mansion—at No. 12 Rue Juliette-Lamber.

Six months later the fickle creature, abandoning her Prince Charming, assumed the role of enchantress in an elegant flat at No. 27 Rue Pierre-Chartron. Here she received young Parisian blades, old "viveurs," and foreigners of distinction in a salon cluttered with art objects—bronzes, Chinese vases, divans covered with Persian rugs—for she had suddenly developed a taste for every species of luxurious refinement.

At the Longchamp race-course one day she encountered Prince Louis of Bavaria, and played the vamp so skillfully the Prince became enam-

ored of her. Needless to state, the ex-girl of the gutter was in ecstasies. She dreamed of dwelling in the royal palace at Munich, of being hailed as Princess.

But the Bavarian Prince, having been informed of his "fiancée's" origin, broke off the engagement, and Mlle. d'Anglemont consoled herself by a flirtation with a Polish Count, Christophe Mielinski. After lavishing a million francs on her whims, the Pole retired, half-ruined, to his ancestral chateau near Poznan, whereupon Germaine proceeded to seek out other moneyed fools to minister to her greed.

Young, beautiful and clever, she continued to attract lovers—aristocrats, diplomats, deputies, bankers—passing from one intrigue to another as fancy or cupidity dictated. The festive days of her gallantry so enriched her that she bought a magnificent property at Louveciennes, where her fetes became famous, a score of liveried servants always being in attendance on these gala occasions.

At first-night performances, at the Longchamp Grand Prix, at tango teas in the Pre-Catalan—wherever society gathered to gaze, to gossip, to glitter in its own reflected glory—Mlle. d'Anglemont was present, her charms enhanced by the richest and most seductive attire. She was generally accompanied by her conquest of the moment, or by a crowd of spendthrifts, though she cared less for them than for her three dogs—"Diane," "Fourrure" and "Chocolat."

In the space of a few years Germaine made such rapid progress that she was regarded as a courtesan of the same calibre as Clodoche, Cora Pearl, La Castiglione, La Bellanger, Giulia Berrucci, Anna Deslions, Esther Guimond, Zulma Bouffar, Hortense Schneider, La Paiva, Caroline Otero—names written large in the history of Parisian pleasure.

After a love affair with Roland Garros, the renowned aviator—perhaps the one real passion of her life—Mlle. d'Anglemont worked as a spy for the Surete Generale and Deuxieme Bureau during the war. Indeed, it has been said that for years she had already been hand-in-glove with the French police, being liberally paid to bewitch foreign notables in the capital and ferret out diplomatic secrets.

Following repeated trips to Algeria and Morocco, a voyage to Mexico lasting two years, and visits to South American capitals, where she mingled with officers, ambassadors and ministers of state, who deem it an honor to have their pumes lightened by her, Germaine returned to Paris. She purchased a private residence at No. 103 Rue de la Faisanderie, near the Bois de Boulogne, and at the same time rented a flat at No. 8 Avenue du Parc Monceau, using the former as a love-nest, while the latter served as her business bureau.

At this epoch, it is alleged, her friendship began with members of the Chamber—M. Daniel Vincent, Francois de Tesson, Camille Picard, etc.—and with M. Jean Causeret, then Head of the Cabinet of M. Pams, Minister of the Interior. Here it may be stated that Causeret owed his political advancement, in great part, to the influence and good graces of the ladies. Because he acted as a sort of Petronius to M. Pams, introducing him to alluring creatures of

View of the Prefect's Apartment.



View of the Rue de la Faisanderie.

Fatal Pistol in the Mirror

Government Officials in France, Turned to Face
Ripped Him Dead—And Revealed the
Extraordinary Adventuress



Catalan Restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne, Where
led to Drive Up in Her Victoria Carriage Drawn
by Two Horses, With Liveried Coachman.



des Archives, Paris, Where Germaine Started
as a Common Woman of the Streets.

the stage, his chief was pleased and did not fail to promote him.

M. Auger, jeweler, officer of the Legion of Honor and personal friend of the Prefect, testified before the examining magistrate that in 1920 Causeret invited him to dine at the flat of Mlle. d'Anglemont. Germaine was loaded down with jewels, though there were not enough of them to cover her reputation, in Auger's opinion. In other words, the jeweler was unfavorably impressed by the siren, and later told Causeret to leave her, saying "the affair would end in a scandal."

Causeret replied that he couldn't possibly live without her, although he knew she was unfaithful, having in mind her recent liaison with an attaché at the Serbian Legation. Yet if Causeret tolerated Germaine's infidelities, M. Camille Picard did not. A few days afterward the Deputy, finding the future Prefect in a tete-a-tete with Mlle. d'Anglemont, started punching his nose—to the great amusement of the lady, who later recounted the affair to her circle of acquaintances.

In 1921 Causeret was sent to Spa on a secret mission, and for several years dropped out of the life of Germaine. Meanwhile his mistress continued her activities, bewitching rich strangers, getting all she could and spying for the Surete. In 1927 she is said to have been mixed up in the affair of Prince Leon Radziwill, who died in the Nouvel Hotel, at Monte Carlo, after having received a mysterious visit from a pretty blonde. According to the police, the Prince succumbed to narcotic poisoning.

Hard hit by the crisis during the past few years, Mlle. d'Anglemont had been obliged to put up for sale her chic residence and to practice strict economy in her household. Worst of all, her beauty was waning, though she waged relentless war on invading wrinkles. In fact, the "Fleur de Plaisir" was fading fast. Men were not so eager to place their fortunes at the feet of this woman, who had passed forty.

When Causeret was made Commander of the Legion of Honor, Germaine—hard-up—wrote him with the hope of renewing their relations and of adding to her sadly depleted bank account. At first the Prefect put her off with excuses, but the cunning wanton, determined to win him back, went to Marseilles, where he was then living, and staged a fake "suicide" in a leading hotel of the Cannibiere. The trick worked. Causeret, feeling he was responsible for her "act of despair," repented, became compassionate, and was once again her submissive slave.

However, he soon regretted the reconciliation, and vainly tried to free himself from this woman, who, torn by avarice and ambition, made him the partner of her crooked transactions.

To become a successful courtesan one must have a heart of flint, the insensibility of a surgeon, the rapacity of a usurer. A glance at Mlle. d'Anglemont's record shows her to have been eminently "successful." She has passed through

Mme. Lagroselle, the Woman
Private Detective, Who Followed
Causeret and Reported His
Doings to Mlle. Germaine.

life a devouring scourge. Her luxury and enjoyment have been paid for by the fortune or honor of the men who succumbed to her charms. Misery, folly, treason and death have followed in the train of this callous adventuress.

Mlle. d'Anglemont maintains she had no idea of slaying Causeret. Nevertheless, the lady did not pick up her powder-box but a pistol, and the position of the Prefect's dead body, with both arms raised as in self-defense, casts doubt on her assertion the shooting was accidental, the police point out. And if it were accidental, how is one to interpret the testimony of the courtess's chambermaid, Mme. Maria Herard, who left the flat shortly before the drama? The maid told the magistrate that Germaine, while awaiting the return of Causeret from the Printemps, asked her to remain and see the "fun," to see the way she would treat the man who had deceived her.

Because only one ball was fired, some believe this goes to prove the shooting was accidental, saying a woman bent on vengeance would have emptied her revolver. They forget Germaine is not unfamiliar with firearms. She is a crack shot, pistol-practice being one of her favorite sports. Like Mme. Caillaux, who shot to death M. Calmette, editor of the "Figaro," she has long been an habituée of Gastine Renette's shooting gallery, going there regularly with army officer friends of hers.

Parisians ask it is likely that this demi-mondaine, whose influential lovers are legion, would be "jealous" because she feared she was going to lose a married man living far away at Marseilles, a man whom she saw only at rare intervals? Does a woman of her age and experience kill an admirer purely out of sentimental reasons? Moreover, she does not speak of her "amour" but of her "affection" for the dead Prefect. During a liaison extending over thirteen years the fires of passion had evidently died down, if they had not already been extinguished.

Many think interest was the motive of the act. It is known that two big cement firms—one at Paris and the other in Provence—were fighting recently for the contract to erect a cement manufactory at the port of Cassis. The Paris company asked Mlle. d'Anglemont to help them, promising her a handsome sum. Having



M. Causeret Had Visited His Sweetheart, Mlle. d'Anglemont, In Her Quarters, and as the French Official Stood Before the Mirror Adjusting His Tie He saw Reflections of the Woman as She Caught Up a Pistol and Aimed It at His Back. Wheeling Quickly, He Faced Her, a Revolver Shot Rang Out and the Man Staggered and Fell Dead.

interested Causeret in the affair, she eventually landed the contract for the Paris firm, but didn't receive a centime for her trouble. Convinced she had been double-crossed, the adventuress wanted the Prefect to intervene in her behalf, and, on his refusal, threatened to make public some of his shady dealings. This, it is said, was the rupture leading to the tragedy.

Others affirm Causeret was slain for another reason. While in Algeria as General Secretary of the Government, he obtained important concessions in the country for Mlle. d'Anglemont, with the understanding she was to divide the revenues with him. When she failed to keep her end of the bargain, he became furious, menacing her with dire punishment if she didn't pay what was due him. To be rid of him, Germaine killed him in one theory.

Old-timers, recalling the Steinhilf, Syveton and Daudet affairs, declare Causeret's assassination bears all the earmarks of a political crime. They point out that the ambitious administrator made his last trip from the Midi to Paris in order to confer with M. Chautemps, hoping the Minister would nominate him as successor to M. Chippie, Prefect of Police. But before Causeret had a chance to pull wires, powerful enemies "framed" him, ordering the d'Anglemont woman to put him out of the way, it is suggested.

If one accepts this version, the shooting was premeditated, and the "scene of jealousy," preceded by the farce of having the Prefect trailed by a detective, was a carefully arranged camouflage to fool the public. It is said Germaine was eager to "get even" with her old lover because he had blabbed some of her secrets, one, espe-

cially, relating to supposed suicide of a noted sportsman.

Although the police knew the Deputy Picard had been in the courtess's flat shortly after the Prefect's death, they withheld this information from the press, and it was two days before the news leaked out. Later, the "reconstitution" of the shooting, members of the press were expelled from the flat for apparent reason. Three days after the tragedy the apartment of Colonel Roche, adjoining Germaine's, was ransacked by thieves—evidently trying to secure incriminating documents in her room—yet the police kept the news of this robbery secret for 48 hours.

The singular way investigations were conducted has made many people discard the explanation that the crime was due to "jealousy" or "accident." Mlle. d'Anglemont's chambermaid, who says she witnessed the beginning of the discussion that ended so tragically, was only called on to testify 10 days after the shooting, while 17 days passed before the magistrate thought of looking over Germaine's voluminous correspondence in the apartment.

Among the letters seized were several from M. Francois de Tesson, Deputy and former Under Secretary of State. Certain newspapers have hinted from the start that Germaine and Causeret were not the sole actors in the tragedy. It appears that Mlle. Mannheim, who arrived at the flat two hours before the police, informed some of her acquaintances that a prominent Deputy was there.

The Deputy, however, claims he was not in

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

[illegible]

CHAPTER XI

HE

—and there aren't so many of them—and among that group of people you'll find the murderer. Follow me, Miss Voyné? And you, Bill?"

"Goodness, Bill," Kyne said gravely, "you're a rotten sport." But the accusation sobered Bartlett a little; he knew that Kyne was right. He certainly wasn't taking his liking like a gentleman. If only Kyne had sent somebody else but Lorrimer to tail him, he would have been able to get rid of the thought of a big ape like Lorrimer slipping this over on him. He couldn't get it out of his mind. Nor could he quite forget, either, that he had always thought Ed Kyne just a simple fellow of no account, and that he himself was now shown to be well, the mystery was a n't

"I was in Mr. Bartlett's car, which was parked in front of Charlie's Place. That is a soft-drink parlor near the west gate."
"In Mr Bartlett's car?" Kyne's grin was wide. "Well! Tell me, Bill, did you know Miss Voyne had a date with Jannings?"
Lillian had told the truth and

Kyne
Asked:
"Will
Voyne,
does this
gun
belong
to you?"

Lorrimer guffawed; Kyne silenced him with a shake of his head, though Kyne himself was grinning.

Bartlett said bitterly: "You're just having a rare old time, aren't you?"

"I'm enjoying myself, if that's what you mean. Now, Miss Voyné, tell me just where you were immediately after nine o'clock."

"I sat in the car until a few minutes after nine. Then I walked around the block and finally strolled over to the Campanile. I was there when—when I heard the shot."

"Where was Rill?"

"You'll have to ask him. He left me just before nine, and he"

"I left Miss Voyna in the car a minute or two before nine," Bartlett growled. "I walked over to the Daily Acorn office, stayed there for a few minutes and then started through the campus to take a walk in the hills before I

"I won't bother you folks with any more questions. Not right now. So get on out of my place and search this apartment."

Bartlett got to his feet. His face was dead white save for the smear of blood around his lower lip. He said in a low, hoarse voice:

"Captain, perhaps you'd better show Miss Voyne your search

"Can't we, Bill?" The captain's tone was even and gentle. "Now see here, lad. Let me give you a piece of advice. When you tangle with the police—"

"I don't want your advice!" Bartlett shouted. "I want to remind you—"

Lorrimer had risen from his chair behind Bartlett. He had measured his man and at that instant his heavy fist crashed against the reporter's right ear. He himself did not flinch, but took the explosion of a pistol, hoping to knock the man down and take the back of his head. He went down on his knees, and his right arm shot out as he fell.

"You—!" he screamed, and this time found the pit of Kyn's

Lillian was crouching by the window, her back to the two men, who were bending over the table. Bartlett, who was swinging his leg off the stool, had realized too late that he was being watched, and he felt a quick

kyne went back to the table
orrimer had just "broken" a
ort, nickel-plated revolver. Hi-
no was hoarse and breathless
he cried.

Bill Caught Lillian to

"Two empty catridges, cap-
"Two?"
"Yeah. The other four cham-
are loaded." Kyne said again.
"Two," Kyne said again.
"Yeah. Two shots been fired
of 'em."
"Well, well," said Captain
Bartlett stood up shakily. His
and whirled as he walked over
the table where Kyne and
Primer stood looking at the re-
ver. His heart felt chilled.

"No," Kyne admitted, "we don't know it. The medical examiner hadn't taken out the bullet when I left the morgue. But I've seen a lot of bullet holes, and that one looked to me like it was made by a .32. You'll see when there was only one hole."



him Roughly. He Held Her and Let

"How long ago was that?"
"I questioned
"Perhaps two months."
"Was it fully loaded when it
given to you?"
"I didn't examine it, but—" Lorrimer said hoarsely:
"I have every reason to be-
"Lillian went on, "that it
fully loaded."
"And you said," Kyne offered,
"that you saw him lain in that
"er for two months without
"moved."
"So far as I know, yes."
"Let's see it, Lorrimer."
"Kyne took the gun, broke it
"held the barrel to the light.
"He examined it for fully a minute
"before he put it back on the table

about it. No more than
told you." Who gave you the gun, Miss
my father." Why?"
He lives on a ranch in Ne-
has never lived in a city
knows nothing about them

ing. He looked as though he
sed to believe her and
init.
think hat'll be all for to-
Miss Voyne," the captain

er Struggle.

morning
shoot
Herald
"It
"B
"C
faint
Gri
of B
seem
"Som
the sl
"A
there
leant

glanced at Lillian. She turned her back to the men and again looking out of the window and fumbling with the keys. She must have heard the question, Bartlett felt confident, but she gave no sign. If she wanted to be nasty, all right with him. He told the two officers one of the things he'd done to start.

Hard feelings, are there, Mr. Kynes asked, dropping a friendly hand on Bartlett's shoulder.

The reporter morosely replied, "I was a darned fool about what was coming to me. Just the same, you birds have

til we find out how it was
it could have been her as
as anybody else. Besides,
ight not have been the per-
who used the gun. This
is necessarily a one-man
ou know—although person-
m inclined to believe it was.

"I'll break away that it
 and upon him—the man on
 rner was Whitey Atwater,
 a home-stead gambler.
 "Bartlett muttered. "Co-
 cence? . . . Not much! It's
 accident he happens to be
 going around Lillian Veyne's
 room. I've had a hunch
 about the girl that he's
 up in this murder."
 "I ought to go back
 named if I will!" She thought
 and her over to the dicks.
 "What I made love to her so
 could leave till they got
 through."
 "Okay. To blazes with her!"

Grimes was a personable of twenty-eight or thirty, beaked, a little bald. "I know all the industry, Bill," he smiled good-naturedly. "The Jennings story," Bartlett said and went on typing. "How come you're writing it?"

and Jack out there this
Say, Bill! Is this
as mysterious as the
made out?"
more so."
how was it pulled off?"
didn't tell you. Haven't the
idea."
was thumbing the page.
left's story. It doesn't
possible," he said slowly.
one had to be there to do
thing. Or did they, Bill?"
slutely. Someone was
and shot him. Not the

"Looked up quickly
ink he's still there."
He couldn't still be there,
hance."

"Tell me I'm crazy. I
ind. I've got plenty of
or on the police force. But
atements I've made are
Reconcile them any way
ant. I can't and I've
trying."

"s looked back at the
"Dr. Hawley isn't going
the case?"

Not unless somebody re-
m."

This is good stuff about
me girl. That gun. Prob-
connection with the case.
et her last night?"

"Right, Bill. The keys of the car are yours. Go to it, and make 'em talk."

snapped the receiver on
hook with an angry snort.
"Says he has a cold, too
out him. . . Oh, hello, Bill
the eye! And the jaw?"
about that business last
night, Ed. Who'd you
the pen this time?"
Forbes, that fool medical
"Kyrne said disgustedly
I was for him to get that
out of Jennings' head be-
cause go much further."
The captain reached into his
jacket and pulled out a lead
he looked at it, twirling it
around for a moment and
handed it to the reporter.

at rubbed out Janning.
ed from the Voyné girl.
Captain Kyne grinned
tly. "You know, Bill
ot so old-fashioned down
a lot of people think "
e, I know," Bartlett n. s.

Continued on Page 14)

Bill Caught Lillian to Him Roughly. He Held Her and Let Her Struggle.

The Hoodoo of the Presidential Mayflower

Long List of Misfortunes Which Marked the Career of the Million-Dollar Craft; Her Wealthy Builder Died Suddenly on Board, Bad Luck Came to the Royalty and Millionaires Who Visited Her and Now Her Last Owner Is a Fugitive From Justice



Frank P. Parish and the 8-Month-Old Son, Shortly After Having the Mayflower. He Lost His Millions and Now Is a Fugitive From Justice.

The hoodoo of the Mayflower has pursued the fortune teller's gold yacht slave since the day of her launching is still at work. Only the other day the U. S. Post Office Department sent a "Fugitive Wanted" circular throughout the country against the arrest of Frank P. Parish, who sought the old yacht a year or so ago, and was having it restored to its days of splendor as a plaything of multimillionaires and European monarchs, as well as the President of the United States.

Parish was a young man who ran a profit for a time up to the price of a \$3,000,000 corporation. Unfortunately, Uncle Sam decided that in this drive club he sold about \$35,000 worth of stock for \$35 a share, and that was not to be worth about \$100 a share. He was in debt for misuse of the mails and fled rather than stand trial. When he bought the Mayflower he was called the "Boy Wizard of La Salle Street," La Salle being Chicago's Wall Street. When he called now by the investors, he could not find it to print.

The Mayflower's long list of misfortune began with its original owner, Oden Goelt, one of the wealthiest men of the day. Mr. Goelt had the yacht built to order at Clydebank, Scotland, in 1906. A year later, he had her overhauled to the United States and he died suddenly on board at the age of 51.

Among those entertained by Mr. Goelt on board the Mayflower were King Edward VII, Kaiser Wilhelm II, King Carlos of Portugal, Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, President Morgan, Sir, Lord and Countess of Bessborough, and Countess of Bessborough, and others. They are exiles, deprived of their former glory. Five Presidents of the United States used the Mayflower as a Presidential yacht and all are dead—Theodore Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson, Harding and Coolidge.

Theodore Roosevelt brought together the Japanese and Russian peace delegates on the Mayflower—an unlucky day for the whole world, as the result of the Peace of Portsmouth started Japan on its path of Asiatic aggression and started the Russian Empire on the decline which still menaces the peace of Europe.

President Hoover sought to escape the Mayflower hoodoo by decommissioning her at the beginning of his term. But he had to hold on to her. The Navy had no use for her. She was a costly possession. Four times the Navy requested for and received bids, but none were satisfactory and all were rejected, including one by friends of Mayor Walker of New York, who sought to present her to His Honor as a more suitable recreation craft than the old tug Macon. But Mayor Walker was soon too busy with Judge Seabury to bother much with a yacht. Now that



The Presidential Stateroom in the Days of the Boat's Splendor.

he has plenty of leisure for yachting, no one offers him a boat.

After the Navy Department departed of selling the unlucky craft, it decided to put her back into active service. Then the Mayflower attempted to take matters in her own hands and "end it all." Apparently for no reason whatever, she caught fire at her berth in the Philadelphia Navy Yard and sank to the muddy bottom of the Delaware River.

But her fire-tortured hull was not allowed to rest in peace. The Navy Department pumped her out, refloated her and optimistically invited junk dealers to bid for the remains. For the fifth time, bid was received and rejected. But finally along came an agent of the "Boy Wizard of La Salle Street," who didn't care much for other people's money anyway, and secured the million-dollar yacht for \$16,100.

Mr. Parish's luck began to turn almost immediately. His \$3,000,000 enterprise and his own fortunes collapsed almost overnight. He was glad to get rid of the Mayflower for what he had invested in her, just before he returned into voluntary exile, as he notified the Federal District Attorney at Chicago.

When built by Oden Goelt in 1905, the Mayflower was considered the finest private yacht afloat. Her graceful lines never suffered in comparison with later, larger and more expensive craft. The Mayflower was said to have cost a million dollars. She was 220 feet overall, with a waterline 280 feet in length. She had a 35-foot beam and a 17-foot draft.

Mr. Goelt, it was reported at the time, built the Mayflower to further Mrs. Goelt's campaign to become a social leader of New York and Newport, and to insure a brilliant match for his daughter, May, but he did not live to see her marriage to the Duke of Roxburghe. Mrs. Goelt was one of the famous Wall Street sisters, another of whom was Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt. A brother married Mary Astor. Three great and wealthy families were united.

Hardly out of the shipyard, the Mayflower, with Mr. and Mrs. Goelt aboard, went to Cove, Isle of Wight, for the annual regatta, which for decades has been the outstanding social

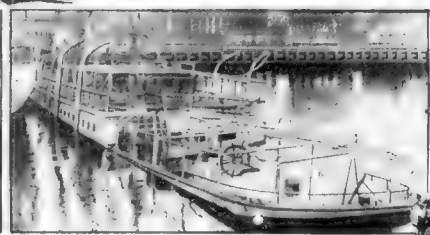
event of Europe. Before the war, royalty and multi-millionaires vied for honors—yachting cups and social prestige.

The Goelt entertained lavishly, but misfortunes occurred, one by one to their distinguished guests. King Carlos of Portugal, was assassinated, and his son and successor, Manuel, was driven from his throne. Edward VII, of Great Britain, died after a reign of only 10 years. Wilhelm II, of Germany, was deposed after a disastrous war. Grand Duke Boris, a cousin of Czar Nicholas of Russia, and chiefly notable for his parties at which he loved to drink champagne from the slipper of the Romanoff fortune scattered.

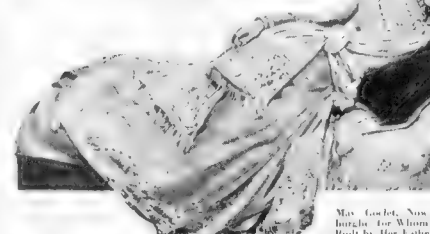
The great financier, the elder J. Pierpont Morgan, returning to Rome after a visit to Italy, was stricken with illness in a church pew on Easter Sunday, and died a few days later. Sir Thomas Lipton outlived all the other distinguished guests aboard the Mayflower, but died a disappointed old man because of the failure of a lifetime effort to capture the "America Cup," the highest goal of wealthy yachtsmen.

After Oden Goelt's unexpected death aboard the Mayflower, Mrs. Goelt went into seclusion. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War the following year, the Goelt estate sold the unlucky yacht to the American Government for \$1,250,000. It is a matter of social history that after getting rid of the Mayflower, Mrs. Goelt returned to Newport and in a few years intermarried herself as the foremost figure in American society.

In the Spanish-American War, the Mayflower was a part of the famous "Mosquito fleet" in Cuban waters. Armed with two five-inch guns and twelve six-pounders, she participated in the blockade of Havana and Santiago de Cuba. Then she was sent to Puerto Rico for special service. Her first use as the "Presidential yacht" was in 1902, when Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt sailed on her from Oyster Bay, Long Island, to New York City. Known from then on as the Presidential yacht, she was several times taken back to the Navy for temporary use. During the Panama revolution she was Rear Admiral Coughlin's flagship. She was also Admiral Dewey's



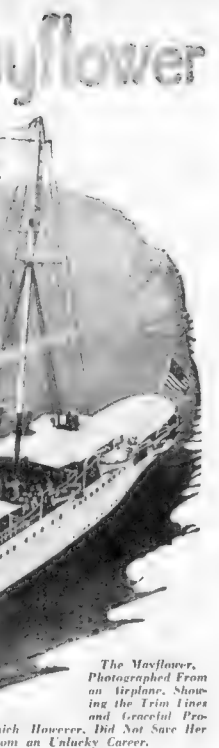
The ill-fated yacht after fire wrecked her two years ago.



Suddenly Aboard the Craft Without Living to See His Daughters' Triumph.

commanding officer of the fleet in the name of Cuba. When trouble broke out in San Domingo in 1906, the Mayflower was rushed there to protect American interests. When President Roosevelt made a tour of the world around which he brought the Japanese and Russian delegations together, he was aboard the Mayflower. He negotiated the terms of the Potsdam peace conference. On the weekend voyage to the Potomac, many State department world-wide importance were the Cabinet members and the chairmen of the important Congress committees, great financiers and leaders of thought in many branches were the guests of the Presidents.

The Mayflower was the first of a new class of yachts that were a pang of genuine regret to the public mind, soon after his inauguration, that President Hoover, "in the interests of national economy," had decided to dispose with her services and to rebuild the historic craft. The Mayflower carried a crew of 100 men and 148 enlisted men. In addition, twenty-five members of the Presidential Marine Guard made the yacht



The Mayflower, Photographed From an Airplane, Showing the Trim Lines and Graceful Proportions Which, However, Did Not Save Her from an Unlucky Career.

was for the first time in the history of the Navy. The Mayflower was the only yacht in the Navy that was ever used as a Presidential yacht.

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B. W. C.

14



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(Continued from Page 15)

quite well how hopeless it was. Babe was removed from her cast on Thanksgiving Day. The doctor, assisted by two nurses—with encouraging words from Ann—got her to her feet. Roger caught the back of a chair in a sudden fit of faintness and struggled painfully for his breath. What if Babe could not walk!

Babe could not walk. Only her wistful pleading eyes for them not to mind her him. He saw that Ann, too, was almost breaking under the strain. It was a terrible hour. Neither wanted to go out of the sight of the child, helpless but bravely smiling. Yet it was an ordeal to remain with her. The doctor mercifully gave her something to induce sleep before he left.

Roger sought Ann in her room, hours afterwards. He wanted to put his head in her lap and cry. She had been crying, but she was cold and distant.

"It is clear to me now, Roger," she said. "One cannot change the course of Fate. You were meant to go from me; it is the way it should have been in the beginning. This might have happened if I had not rebelled. My place is beside your child, you, to wander where you will."

That attitude sent Roger on edge. "What are you talking about, Ann?" he demanded roughly.

"Us, Roger," she answered. "Take us—and the woman you love."

"Ann, you can't get it in your head that I'm back to stay!" "I know," she said, and in spite of her efforts to sound matter-of-fact, her voice trembled. "You are back—from a sense of duty; back—through pity. Can't you see, Roger, I want you to stay, Roger, I want you to stay. I couldn't bear it! Your body with me, your real self with—her."

Roger cringed inwardly at the truth of Ann's words, for in spite of Tiffany's bitter denial of him, he asked to hold her in his arms again, to hear her begging forgiveness, to extend that forgiveness generously. But the burden of Babe's invalidism should not be borne by him alone; that was his responsibility and his hers. Babe, which he was stubbornly determined not to add another pang to Ann's suffering.

"Ann," he pleaded, "there are some things we must ignore at present; they'll work themselves out in time."

"You feel that you are being kind to me by staying, and it is cruelly. Each night of you is a fresh reminder that your love is somewhere else. It is a sort of charity toward me which not only hurts but robs me of my respect as well. I'd feel better to know that you, at least, were happy—happy that has not all been in vain. I can make Babe understand. She'll be happy in knowing that you are happy."

"You're punishing me as I deserve, Ann. You make me see how rotten I have become. I wouldn't be happy, Ann—no. For a fleeting second the desirability of Tiffany faded before the beauty of Ann in renunciation. But she has a desperate longing for this new man to know him better."

"Please go," Ann said. "I have barely whispered, and there was a blur before her eyes. 'You take all the fight out of me.' He got up and stumbled from the room."

"He was through torturing, Ann," he said forestalling her argument. "I can't leave you and Babe. For me to leave you now would be to murder whatever decency is left in me."

"It is no use, Roger," she said unhappily. "There are others which would stand between us."

"Mention them, Ann."

"The Starr Trust Company. It means a great deal to you, but I couldn't go on with you—knowing the associations that connection involves—and I'd never trust you if I thought you were punishing me. We'd be unhappy to the end of our days with the doubt between us. No use, we should separate now."

"You've always been fair, Ann. Roger pleaded with her, "give me a chance."

"Ann twisted her fingers nervously on the verge of tears. "Do you think this is easy for me, Roger? It takes courage to tell you—do go. Work yet—go while I can—stand still—go."

Roger gripped her hands in his. "Please, Ann—I'll do anything you say to prove that I mean it. Try me."

Her eyelids fluttered as she tried to avoid his gaze, but his steadiness prevailed and she looked long and deep into his eyes, blue because of pain. She could hardly endure it. Roger, her Roger—pleading for a chance.

"Ann," Roger said huskily, "the time I wanted to quit the Starr Trust Company—the time I was trying to run—from temptation. I asked you to help me then. I am asking you again."

A searing thread like the sting of a fine lash cut into Ann's sensibilities. The night Roger had wanted to quit the Starr Trust Company rose before her with terrible vividness. Every word, every action, came back with terrible clearness—and the months and weeks that followed. The dividing point of their life. He had been fighting temptation, and she had been fighting him. He had begged her to help him. She had failed him when he needed her most. Every indifference dated from that night. She was appalled at the thought that he had been willing to sacrifice his position, his future—for their love.

"Oh... You make it so hard," she moaned. "You crushed her and his jaws worked as he strove to conquer a swift sympathy."

"You must let me stay, Ann."

"What would I demand would be to let you stay?"

"What is it, Ann?"

"That you sever all connection with the Starr Trust Company—and we'll try it—it would be fair to say, a year. If either of us wanted to go then."

When he recovered from his shock, he said, "Surely, Ann! Why, then, do you hesitate? It is simply, it is a compliment—your putting me to a test worthy of a man. I've sat with Tiffany, and she has been made President." He sat with her, and she had been made President. "Will you give me a few hours to think it over?"

"You mean—you really—"

might do it!" Ann asked, incredulously.

"I want to stay on," he said simply.

"Take as many hours as you need," she said and flew from the room.

His first impulse was to tell Ann of his personal break with Starr, but he realized that would do no good. Ann knew as well as he that his very connection with the bank put him in a position where he was expected to live according to Starr standards.

"The boys" would keep him pin-wheeling at the same old pace. It was nearly a week before he could bring himself to announce to her that he would leave the Starr Trust Company.

"Ann said, 'I'm afraid, Roger.' 'Afraid?' Of what?" "That the price is too great—that what you are gaining isn't worth the sacrifice. I know what that means."

Roger realized with a sinking heart that he had hoped that the very thought that Ann would be leaving him would be a relief. It was not.

"That's the price," he said, "has been trying to line me up for a political job," he said with a gray afterthought.

Ann flashed a quick look at him. "I'd have no more to say around money, but I would have in you around Dave Starr."

"But, Ann," Roger began, "a year before in his mind. 'Don't expect me to do just nothing. I would not have a job in life. I wouldn't be happy unless I had.' And now, I'm really fitted to begin."

"You must work that problem out yourself."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tiffany Explains.

ROGER'S announcement at an especially called meeting of the directors that he wished to sever his connection with the Starr Trust Company and would offer his stock for sale, electrified them and caused Dave Starr to look up.

"That is a decision," he said, "but if Jerome or some outsider got possession of that parcel of stock it would be the death of his hopes."

He said so to Tiffany. She was more astute than Starr could account for.

"Why should you care so much, Tiffany?" he asked her boldly. "The steel mills will keep you in fur coats for quite a while yet."

"Not if this depression keeps up," she said, trying to sound light. "I was a light man to Tiffany, and before she knew it she was excitedly back to him. "That's the worst that can happen," she said decisively. "You must get possession of that stock."

Dave grunted. "I would see me in a blazer—and himself, too—before he would let me get my hands on it. I'd give a pillar of the bank to know how he came into possession of it."

He had an awful fear that some day Starr and Roger would clash and Roger would win. He knew where he had got his start.

"You'd pay any price, wouldn't you, Dave?" she asked anxiously. "I would. But don't fool your self. Money wouldn't bring it from him if he thought it would fall into my hands."

"When—when is he going to sell it?"

"I called a meeting for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Tiffany passed a hand over her face dazedly. "Tomorrow—Dave, tomorrow the adoption papers become final—he'll sell the words on her lips."

"Adoption papers?" Dave whirled upon her. "Who told you about that?"

"I—Tiffany's eyes were like a frightened fawn. She was deadly white. "I—Madame Dupre let it slip—yesterday. I—I was so surprised. I wanted to ask you about it—to congratulate you—Tiffany broke down altogether and began to sob."

Dave Starr marched up and down the room sweating, violent, and snoring. "What woman? He had a right to do one thing in his life."

Tiffany became suddenly quiet. "I'm glad, Dave. I'm glad," she said. "What are you crying about, then?"

"Because you didn't take me into your confidence."

"I'll be hanged!" He sat down beside her and put a comforting arm around her. "I thought you'd rather marry Ned, and I really want this kid. Some day he's going to be the president of the Starr Trust Company."

"Only if you get that stock," Tiffany reminded him.

Dave stroked her golden hair. "You're the woman's biggest puzzle, Tiffany. I was sure you wouldn't let it get about you. Here you're as concerned for my future as I am. Don't think it is going to come between us. You two are my all."

"Because he had said 'now,' Tiffany knew he was missing Roger Trent."

At two o'clock the following afternoon Tiffany walked into Roger's office. He heaped to his feet, startled, curious, indignant.

"What are you doing here, Roger?" he asked, "in a position where he was expected to live according to Starr standards."

"The boys" would keep him pin-wheeling at the same old pace. It was nearly a week before he could bring himself to announce to her that he would leave the Starr Trust Company.

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Tiffany became suddenly quiet. "I'm glad, Dave. I'm glad," she said. "What are you crying about, then?"

"Because you didn't take me into your confidence."

"I'll be hanged!" He sat down beside her and put a comforting arm around her. "I thought you'd rather marry Ned, and I really want this kid. Some day he's going to be the president of the Starr Trust Company."

"Only if you get that stock," Tiffany reminded him.

Dave stroked her golden hair. "You're the woman's biggest puzzle, Tiffany. I was sure you wouldn't let it get about you. Here you're as concerned for my future as I am. Don't think it is going to come between us. You two are my all."

"Because he had said 'now,' Tiffany knew he was missing Roger Trent."

At two o'clock the following afternoon Tiffany walked into Roger's office. He heaped to his feet, startled, curious, indignant.

"What are you doing here, Roger?" he asked, "in a position where he was expected to live according to Starr standards."

"The boys" would keep him pin-wheeling at the same old pace. It was nearly a week before he could bring himself to announce to her that he would leave the Starr Trust Company.

"Ann said, 'I'm afraid, Roger.' 'Afraid?' Of what?" "That the price is too great—that what you are gaining isn't worth the sacrifice. I know what that means."

Roger realized with a sinking heart that he had hoped that the very thought that Ann would be leaving him would be a relief. It was not.

"That's the price," he said, "has been trying to line me up for a political job," he said with a gray afterthought.

Ann flashed a quick look at him. "I'd have no more to say around money, but I would have in you around Dave Starr."

"But, Ann," Roger began, "a year before in his mind. 'Don't expect me to do just nothing. I would not have a job in life. I wouldn't be happy unless I had.' And now, I'm really fitted to begin."

"You must work that problem out yourself."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tiffany Explains.

ROGER'S announcement at an especially called meeting of the directors that he wished to sever his connection with the Starr Trust Company and would offer his stock for sale, electrified them and caused Dave Starr to look up.

"That is a decision," he said, "but if Jerome or some outsider got possession of that parcel of stock it would be the death of his hopes."

He said so to Tiffany. She was more astute than Starr could account for.

"Why should you care so much, Tiffany?" he asked her boldly. "The steel mills will keep you in fur coats for quite a while yet."

"Not if this depression keeps up," she said, trying to sound light. "I was a light man to Tiffany, and before she knew it she was excitedly back to him. "That's the worst that can happen," she said decisively. "You must get possession of that stock."

Dave grunted. "I would see me in a blazer—and himself, too—before he would let me get my hands on it. I'd give a pillar of the bank to know how he came into possession of it."

He had an awful fear that some day Starr and Roger would clash and Roger would win. He knew where he had got his start.

"You'd pay any price, wouldn't you, Dave?" she asked anxiously. "I would. But don't fool your self. Money wouldn't bring it from him if he thought it would fall into my hands."

"When—when is he going to sell it?"

"I called a meeting for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Tiffany passed a hand over her face dazedly. "Tomorrow—Dave, tomorrow the adoption papers become final—he'll sell the words on her lips."

"Adoption papers?" Dave whirled upon her. "Who told you about that?"

"I—Tiffany's eyes were like a frightened fawn. She was deadly white. "I—Madame Dupre let it slip—yesterday. I—I was so surprised. I wanted to ask you about it—to congratulate you—Tiffany broke down altogether and began to sob."

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Saw the Reflection of the Fatal Pistol in the Mirror

(Continued from Double Page)

Paris at the time, but attending a fête in memory of M. Briand at Puy-sous-Eure. He and Mlle. d'Anglemont have long been comrades. Last Summer they enjoyed a holiday together at Vichy, where the statesman presented his companion with a diamond brooch of great value. Whether Germaine loved a tribute of France from him, as she did from Cauterel and from one Cabinet Minister who sent her a 5,000-franc check each month, is not known.

To borrow a title from a famous novel of Balzac, the Cauterel case might well be termed "A Mysterious Affair." Yet if the causes of the crime are enveloped in darkness and mystery, one thing is clear—the close relationship existing between politicians and Aspasias.

A New Perfume
The most exquisite perfume in the world! Sells at \$12 an ounce—\$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops. Rie's Flower Drops are the most refined of all perfumes. Made from the essence of flowers, without alcohol.

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Send 50¢ check or 25¢ note for perfume. Rie's Flower Drops—America's Most Popular Perfume—25¢, 50¢, 1.00, 2.00, 5.00, 10.00, 20.00, 50.00, 100.00. San Francisco, California.

of every grade. Montesquieu wrote that a Republic is founded on virtue, but he was not referring to the French Republic, which, according to royalists, was named "Marianne," after a class of women noted for their light reputation.

Some believe Germaine will not only eventually get off scot-free, but will receive the Legion of Honor ribbon, like Mlle. Marthe Richard, who was recently decorated by the French Government for acting as a charmer and spy during the World War. The successful career of Mlle. d'Anglemont, remarks the cynical boulevardier, is just another illustration of the saying that women are rewarded for their virtues, not their vices. But there is little chance for Yvonne-Germaine Huot will receive a severe sentence. A woman who kills her lover in this gallant land is generally hailed as a heroine, and the court apologizes for troubling her with the formalities of a trial.

Germaine is not the only "black sheep" of her family. A younger sister, Fernande Saffroy—born at Paris, October 21, 1884—has followed in her footsteps, filling the journals with her exploits. Last November she was charged at Algiers with non-payment of hotel and taxi bills amounting to 5,000 francs and with kidnapping two children.

A calculating coquette like her sister, Fernande, had scores of lucrative love affairs before attaining the age of twenty-five. At length she married a superannuated millionaire, M. Moris-Sigault, who had become deeply attached to the young woman after watching her perform as a figurante at the Ba-Ta-Clan Theatre, Paris. To hold his affection she kidnapped a baby and palmed it off as her own. Old Monsieur Moris-Sigault was so happy to find himself a father that on his death-bed he willed all his wealth to the baby's mother.

Then the scheming lady formed an illicit connection with M. Calmann, aged and opulent president of a company that furnished bed linen to the French railways' sleeping cars. Again she worked the same game, borrowing an infant and pretending it was the fruit of their union. M. Calmann rejoiced, and he, too, before passing on to the other world, left her his fortune, not to mention the Chateau de la Goutte, a splendid monument dating from the Renaissance.

The fatal seven now began to live in high style. Having a taste for the theatre and finding the castle too lonely, the merry widow shipped to Paris, associating with music hall stars, who helped her dissipate time and "banknotes."

and DuRenne, managers of the Casino de Paris and Palace music halls, humored Fernande by allowing her to place her "children" on their stage in a special number.

But her dream was to direct a theatre herself, and at one time she bargained with M. Pouchet for an option on the Moulin Rouge. When this deal fell

through, she attempted to provide over the destinies of the Danou and Apollo playhouses, but again she was unsuccessful. Fernande's downfall was due to her passion for jewels, fine toilettes, and for whoopee parties, to which she invited the footlight favorites of the capital.

Her foolish extravagance soon brought her to bankruptcy, and she was forced to sell the Chateau de la Goutte, which was bought by the Baron Edouard de Rodouville for 1,800,000 francs. Then followed more blowouts for her theatrical friends, after which Fernande suddenly disappeared. When arrested last Fall in Algiers the adventures were noted as Mme. Claude Daxil, the well-known authoress.

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GRAY HAIR does not FLATTER any face Spoils the smartest hat



A new hat is the finest tonic for any woman; but faded, neglected hair underneath is as unflattering as last year's hat. Give a little of the thought you give your hair to you give to your hat. FARR'S is harmless as your lip stick; oh, less, greasier. It is clean, odorless, even shades; leaves it soft, natural, youthful. Easy to use by yourself in the clean privacy of your home, assured it will not rub off nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave.

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Recipes With Lamb

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Luncheon Lamb Chops.

REMOVE bone and fat from thick kidney lamb chops. Trim and press into round pieces. Wrap a thin strip of bacon around each chop and secure in place with wooden toothpicks. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. Place on a greased broiler and bake in a hot oven about 15 minutes. Remove to hot platter and serve with water-cress potatoes and mint jelly.

Gotham Lamb Chops.

BROIL lamb chops about 10 minutes. Serve with Soubise Sauce.

Gotham Lamb Chops.

WIPE chops clean with damp cloth, remove outside skin and arrange on a well oiled

broiler and turn several times until chops look puffy and fat is clear. Sprinkle with salt and paprika, dot with butter and set in oven to melt butter. Serve immediately with chestnut puree or lima bean puree.

Planked Lamb with Rice.

CUT 2 pounds lamb neck in until chops look puffy and fat is clear. Sprinkle with salt and paprika, dot with butter and set in oven to melt butter. Serve immediately with chestnut puree or lima bean puree.

Brown Mushroom Sauce.

MELT ¼ cup fat remaining in roasting pan or frying pan in which meat was cooked. Add 5 tablespoons flour and stir until well browned. Add 1 cup brown stock, ½ cup mushroom liquor and the caps from ½ pound mushrooms, cut in slices and delicately browned in butter and stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

Lamb Ragout with Ravioli.

CUT 2 pounds neck of lamb in small pieces. Cover with 3 quarts of cold water, add 1 tea-

American Weekly Patterns



AN ATTRACTIVE, SERVICEABLE STYLE (7934). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18, 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½, 38) and 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 35-inch material for jumper, skirt and revers, and 1½ yards for the blouse.

A COOL, COMFORTABLE AND EASY TO MAKE SUMMER FROCK (7929). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Size 38 requires 4½ yards of 35-inch material.

A STYLISH DRESS (7775). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 12 will require 3½ yards of 39-inch material. The sash of ribbon requires 2½ yards.

A GOOD MODEL FOR SLENDER, YOUTHFUL FIGURES (7916). Designed in 5 sizes: 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19, with corresponding bust measure 29, 31, 33, 35 and 37. Size 13 will require 2½ yards of 35-inch material, together with ¾ yard of contrasting material.

A NEW NURSERY TOY (7702). Designed in 1 size: Medium. It requires ¾ yard of 32-inch material.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR A TINY GIRL (7640). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 will require 1½ yards of 39-inch material if made with collar. Without collar, 1¼ yards will be required.

GIRL'S DRESS (7865). Designed in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 9 yards of 35-inch material.

GIRL'S DRESS (7672). Designed in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 with short sleeves requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material. With long sleeves, 1¾ yards. For contrasting material, ¼ yard.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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7865.....Years	7672.....Years

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For centuries the knowledge about himself has been kept from man by suggestion. A NON-RELIGIOUS crucifix is a NON-RELIGIOUS woman the opportunity of a frank study of Law of vibrations. Do you know the facts about thought-forms, the law of vibrations, the other planets, whether there is a soul?

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An uninterrupted feeding schedule is indispensable to baby's health, doctors agree. Delays due to bottle breakage are dangerous. Doctors suggest Pyrex Nursing Bottles which are practically immune to breakage from heat and cold! Two sizes, 5 oz., narrow neck or wide mouth, 25¢ 4 oz., narrow neck, 15¢.

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Don't suffer needlessly—apply Resinol Ointment generously and see how quickly it takes the burn out of your skin. The soothing Resinol medication relieves the sore, tender skin at once. It soon reduces the inflammation, itching and stiffness, and restores skin comfort.

Use Resinol Ointment also to relieve chafing, rashes, insect stings, bites, athlete's foot and any poisoning. Get a jar from your druggist today. For free sample write Resinol, Dept. X-75, Baltimore, Md.

Scalp Dry?

The answer is at your finger tips

Dry Scalp is an indication that the tiny glands at the roots of the hair are not functioning properly. Two things are needed to correct this condition: Exercise, to stimulate the lazy glands to work more vigorously, and a Tonic to supplement the natural oils which are lacking. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic treatments supply both of these needs. Use it generously before every shampoo, massaging gently but firmly with the finger tips until the scalp tingles, and feels "alive." You'll find it helpful, too, to massage a very little Tonic into the scalp between shampoos. It counteracts dry scalp, prevents dandruff, keeps the hair healthy and well-groomed. Your druggist sells "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Barbers everywhere recommend it.



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PERFUMED DEPLETORY CREAM
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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Milk, Cereal, Buttered Graham Toast, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, French Toast, Luncheon Soup, Spinach Tuna Fish Salad or Sagehen Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, French Toast, Luncheon Soup, Spinach Tuna Fish Salad or Sagehen Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, French Toast, Luncheon Soup, Spinach Tuna Fish Salad or Sagehen Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, French Toast, Luncheon Soup, Spinach Tuna Fish Salad or Sagehen Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, French Toast, Luncheon Soup, Spinach Tuna Fish Salad or Sagehen Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Pie, Coffee.	Breakfast Fruit, French Toast, Luncheon Soup, Spinach Tuna Fish Salad or Sagehen Tomatoes, Sweet Potatoes, Ice Box Rolls, Fruit Pie, Coffee.

Reducing Summer Laundry Labors

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CONSIDER colored table linens for Summer-time comfort and charm! Cloths of red, blue, green, pink or orange! Such cloths make for saving, economy in both water and time. They need not be washed so often—thus they last longer—and cause less expense for soap, water and heat to cleanse the spots and stains.

It is a pleasant and sensible custom to make wider use of colored linens and laundry-saving materials in the Summer. Nothing, of course, will ever replace pure, all white as the cloth of dignity and elegance. But, rather, in our almost tropic heat, a touch of informality in the furnishings and all table appointments.

Once we have used the darker textiles on our tables we are sure to like them. The finish of these materials is all softer, less usual white tablecloth—that is, it is without stiffening or any type of sizing, hence the material does not crush, even with repeated folding.

Coloring is more charming for outdoor or informal use than the all-white material. It is a pleasant textile, set with dishes and glassware of white or crystal. White chinaware is all the more popular and can be bought in inexpensive designs, many of them excellent reproductions of famous china patterns. White dishes are restful to eat from, they show up the coolness of Summer foods and make easy patterns to add to or replace.

The typical "kitchen toting" in hotel linen shades with colored border also offers another reason for using colored table linens of the simplest sort. Use glassware to match the colored border and all white china. Pale green glassware and a white towel with a green band are one charming and refreshing suggestion.

But we can go a step further and get some of the surfaced or finished materials which modern machine has perfected so marvelously today. These materials are colored, plain, fancy, checked and in many modernistic designs, which style them right for the up-to-date housemaker. And they are not confined to a single large all-over cloth. They are made in small cloths and in every type of luncheon runner and individual service.

Fashion, this year, has brought back several other old time favorites in slightly new ways—the "sergeant" of the Columbian Exposition. Today we make sports dresses of it and aprons and many other articles of wear. In dark colors, it has become one of the market fabrics, like black linen, goodlooking, but laundry-less!

For that is what our modern housewife has decided, that to a great measure the washboard, and even the washing machine must go! The woman today spends less time in all laundry work than ever before. She neither enjoys washing, as do some other women in the world, nor does she enjoy ironing and soot pressing of monograms and all the routine and technique of beautiful ironing.

If you don't have it, contrast any home of a June bride of today and then pull out her mother's trunk and see the difference. Where are the monograms, the initials, the embroidery—even the large sizes in all accepted lines?

Paper, too, has helped usurp the place of the washboard and

the dish towel. And there are paper dish towels, too, and very good and durable they are, which can be washed, moreover, and used a considerable time. Of course, the Chinese and the Italians have managed to outdo us even here, and make their tables with tile or china or other plastic tops, so that the surface need not be covered, nor will it stain. I have always wondered if in the future we, too, could not replace our wood surfaces with some composition material, bakelite, or what you will, and thus end for once and all the problems of washing home table linens!

The housewife who uses paper linens in the kitchen and if she works about the house will, without doubt, cut down on Summer laundry. The paper towel for dishes, the paper roll for bread, the paper roll for wiping hands, or covering about dishes, has become accepted good technique in the modern kitchen. I know some women who hesitate to wipe out their frying pans with a big swab of paper—and they are the ones who claim that women's work is never done.

Many foods may be cooked in paper cups or dishes having the proper finish—jolly little cup cakes, for example, may be baked in paper and left there, ready to pack along on the Summer picnic. Custards are delicious if baked in waxed containers—all these paper shortcuts lighten laundry labor—even if it is kitchen sink laundry or washing as well as that of the bathroom hamper!

In an interesting research I made some time ago I found that some women preferred to wash their clothing in several batches, depending on the kind of textile—thus, they washed silk things at one time, woolen things at another time and hard finished goods separately by themselves. I merely pass this hint along, since so many women told me of this plan.

Soaking, with the right amount and quality of cleanser, is, of course, the solution of all rub-and-dab problems. And many of us scarcely realize how easy this work has now been made for us. We have head soap, bubble soap,

chips, flakes, powder as well as bar soap. These fine particles and granules dissolve easily and quickly and hence make a more perfect solution to cut the grease and dirt.

It has been proved that a short soak, say not more than 2 hours in tepid water, is more efficacious than a very long soak, especially an overnight soak, in cold or lowering temperature water. Some women have still to learn this. There is actually no need for an all-night soak—indeed, it is not desirable.

Nor is there any question of to boil or not to boil if one uses a power washing machine and has a plentiful supply of hot water, or very hot water. The old-fashioned tub and its attendant stick or broom handle is not needed. The boiling was always a bleach only and not a dirt remover.

If clothes have been well washed they can be soaked or bleached just as well in the washing machine itself as in the boiler. Try filling the cleaned machine or washer with very hot water with ammonia or borax to clear up the materials. Drop in the washed clothes and revolve the materials for a few minutes. They will come out like the proverbial snow.

It sounds preposterous to repeat that care in handling clothing will make all the difference in the home laundry bill. I have known a worker to manage to do all the wash in two hours—the worker who followed her had to wash nearly 8 hours for the same fabric and the same set of conditions—because she had faulty work habits, which increased her use of kitchen towels, cloths and everything she used. Some people can vacation for six weeks on two suitcases and look just as well as another person who must have a wardrobe trunk. It depends!

Neatness and care in use of clothing or furnishings is really a habit. And the right habits of neatness in work and person should be taught early to children. Later in life, or in the family, these habits run into money. It is up to the individual housewife whether she lessens or not her Summer laundry problems.

A QUARREL AVERTED

HONEY, WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT OLD KIDNO TO BREAKFAST? YOU USED TO BE SO DAINTY. LATELY YOU'VE EVEN... EVEN...

HUSH DON'T CHANGE. WE MUSTN'T QUARREL. WE'VE MARRIED A MONTH.

LIFEBOY'S MARVELOUS, NEVER IN MY BORN DAYS HAVE I SEEN SUCH SMOOTH, CREAMY LATHER. NO WONDER IT ENDS "B.O." IT'S PRESHENED MY COMPLEXION, TOO.

B.O. GONE - "lived happily ever after"

HURRY, DON'T YOU'LL BE LATE FOR WORK

GOSH, HONEY, YOU'RE SO SWEET I HATE TO LEAVE YOU



He Invented the Foods Shot from Guns

You owe these puffed foods, and all your delight in them, to Prof. A. P. Anderson.

He was seeking a way to break up starch granules so the digestive juices could get to them.

He was aiming to blast the starch granules to pieces by an explosion of steam.

When he did this, he found that he had created the most enticing cereal foods in existence.

Note the curious process

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then these guns are revolved, for forty minutes, in a heat of 350 degrees.

This terrific heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are fired. Instantly the steam explodes every granule into myriads of particles.

The kernel of grain is expanded eight times. It becomes four times as porous as rice.

Yet the wheat or rice berry remains shaped as before. We have simply the magnified grain.

Puffed Wheat, 10c—Puffed Rice, 15c

There was never a cereal food half so delicious. Never one more digestible.

Think of unbroken wheat or rice berries puffed to eight times their size.

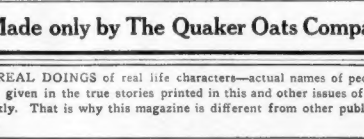
They are so porous that they melt in the mouth. Yet they are crisp.

Let the Children Know

Get one package of the Quaker Puffed Rice, and one of the Quaker Puffed Wheat.

Get both, because they differ vastly. Let the children decide what they want.

Don't wait till tomorrow—order them now. For you are missing a food that's better than any you know.



Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

LATER

CELIA, HOW DO YOU KEEP SO "A" AND COOL... SKINS?

EASY! I ALWAYS BATHE WITH LIFEBOUY, IT'S SO REFRESHING—ENDS "B.O." I NEVER DARE RISK OFFENDING—ESPECIALLY IN WEATHER LIKE THIS

"B.O." I NEVER THOUGHT THAT THAT'S WHAT DON STARTED TO TELL ME. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY RIGHT AWAY

BOY, IT'S A SCORCHER! ME FOR THE BATHTUB AND LIFEBOUY—QUICK!

WORK up a rich, creamy, Lifebuoy lather—rub it in well, mind. Squeeze out of the tub a new person—cool, fresh, extra clean! Pores purified—every trace of "B.O." (body odor) gone. Lifebuoy lather is so generous—its quickly-rinsing scent so clean—you know it's done a better job than ordinary soap could do!

Great for the skin

Lifebuoy's bland, purifying lather cleanses the face safely, gently, thoroughly. Pore-clogging impurities are washed away; dull complexion glows with clear, healthy radiance.

THE SEVEN DEADLY ENEMIES of pleasure driving



and here's what **CHEVROLET** has done to defeat them

"See the new way that engine is mounted? That's called Cushion Balancing. That, and six cylinders, explain why you feel no vibration at any speed."



"The baby could never sleep through a rough stretch like that, in our car."
"It's the four long springs and shock absorbers that do it. You'd better change to a Chevrolet, too."

"Look—you make your own weather with Fisher No Draft Ventilation. A cool breeze when it's hot, and plenty of fresh air without drafts when it's cold or rainy."



"Everybody comfortable?"
"Decidedly. I had no idea the Chevrolet was so wide and roomy. I could ride like this for hours."

CHEVROLET Look them over—this tough-looking crew that robs you of the fun you ought to get from driving. Take a last look and bid them a glad goodbye. Because you never need to suffer from them again. As you read the features described on this page, you'll learn that Chevrolet, with a list of advancements combined in no other car in the world, has tracked down these enemies and banished them forever. The result is driving that's free from every annoyance . . . driving that's restful and relaxing . . . above all, driving that spares you all worry about expense. Luxurious as it is, you save with a Chevrolet—save from the very day you buy it. You can buy a full-size Fisher-body Chevrolet closed car for as little as \$445, f.o.b. Flint. Chevrolet dealers are prepared to offer a generous allowance on your old car. The G. M. A. C. time payment plan is easy and convenient. And Chevrolet's record-setting gas and oil economy, fine dependability, and famous durability guarantee other substantial savings every mile you drive.

There isn't a low-priced car that compares with Chevrolet when it comes to modern features. There isn't one that can touch it for economy. And because America knows these things to be true, every minute someone buys a new Chevrolet. Features, economy, popularity—everything indicates that you can make no wiser move than to join the thousands who are saving money, and enjoying life, in the new Chevrolet.

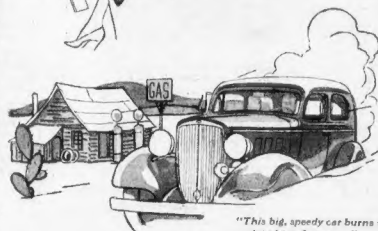
CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

\$445 to \$565

All prices f.o.b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. A General Motors Value.



"This Starterator is marvelous. It's such a relief not to worry about engine stalling. And it's so much easier to start and accelerate without shifting my foot."



"This big, speedy car burns up a lot of gas, I suppose."

"Just the opposite. It uses less than any other full-size car. Remember, this car has an Octane Selector."



"Do you mean to say you've never spent a cent for service in 15,000 miles?"

"That's right. All the 'bugs' were taken out before this car was put on the market."

SAVE WITH A NEW CHEVROLET